

LIBERAL OPINIONS,

OR THE

HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

VOL. I.



LIBERAL OPINIONS,
OR,
The HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED.
In FOUR VOLUMES.
By Mr. P R A T T.



The Abode of Benignus discover'd.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. ROBINSON, and J. BEW, in Paternoster-
Row; and sold by J. WALTER, Charing-cross.

M D C C L X X X I I I.

LIBERAL OPINIONS.
OR,
THE HISTORY OF BENIGNUS.

A NEW EDITION.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By M. T.



The Works of Benjamin Franklin.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

Printed for G. Robinson, and J. Davis, in Pall-mall;
Row; and sold by J. WATKINS, Chancery-lane.
MDCCLXXIII.

DEDICATION
To her GRACE the
Duchess of DEVONSHIRE.

M A D A M,

YOU received with kindness
and distinction a part of this
Work that I had the pleasure to
devote to you on its first appearance:
since which time, guarded by your
protection, and prospering under
your auspices, it has passed the fiery
trial of the public, and been ho-
noured by its applause. On its
present republication, I can, there-
fore, with the more confidence beg

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permission to consecrate this NEW EDITION to your Grace, to whose liberality, goodness, and elegance, I am proud to have a fresh opportunity of bearing testimony.

I am,

With the most perfect consideration,
respect and gratitude,

your most obedient

and devoted servant,

*Middle Temple,
August 5, 1783.*

The AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E

To the FIRST EDITION.

IT was not till I had read this book in print, that I thought about a Preface; but, on reviewing it, prior to publication, I am convinced a Preface is absolutely necessary.

In the course of these volumes, it is possible the reader may meet with some sentiments, which, at first sight, seem unfavourable to the interests of virtue, and to the laws of moral life. As the direct contrary is all along in-

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tended to be strongly inculcated, I beg those who think proper to turn over my pages, will not abruptly decide on any particular passages, which appear liable to objection, but have the patience to go calmly on, forbearing to pass judgment till they have fairly seen the whole of my arguments.

Having thus briefly invited from the reader a candid perusal, I will only detain him a moment longer, to hear a short account of the work. The miscellaneous matter here offered, is the result of various efforts, submitted, at various opportunities, to the author's literary friends: the drudgery of correction has been obligingly undertaken by those friends, to whom he confesses himself indebted, not so much for the ardour of particular compliment, as for the frankness of general criticism.

The poetical parts, when first written, were each designed to stand alone, particularly the Elegy of a Nightingale, and the Epistle from an Unfortunate Lady to her Family. The

Anecdotes

Anecdotes * of a Gentleman are extracted from a larger work, of which what is now presented, is little more than the introduction. The primary pages treat of Animals: a part of the performance that consists of moral Fancy-pieces, from which we proceed to the investigation of Facts, leading gradually to the main history.

In short, though I have been somewhat immethodical, I have not been totally unconnected; and that I might not tire by systematic sameness, I have varied my style as I varied my subject.

Notwithstanding these kind corrections, however, a very ingenious and well-known gentleman (whose acquaintance with the author is unluckily of later date) has still discovered some things, which the writer wishes had not escaped—the eyes of others. Perhaps they did *not* escape: there is a coy reluctance

* This work was originally presented to the public in different proportions; two volumes being published at a time.

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to find fault; and a dread of being too honest, in cases of private criticism, often fatal; and a writer's reputation is frequently forfeited on the one hand by literary conceit, and on the other by a scrupulous delicacy.

These volumes were ready for publication when the gentleman, of whom I last spoke, drew a judicious pen over such sentences as he thought might still gain a grace from alteration: but it was too late to avail myself of his taste and sincerity, or the reader would have received a more finished amusement. However, should the performance thus

“ sent to its account

With its imperfections on its head,”

have merit enough to please the public, their indulgence shall be repaid by the author's care to correct his errors, in a future edition.

P R E-

P R E F A C E

To the SECOND EDITION.

IT was the opinion of Horace, Rabelais, and Le Sage, of Cervantes, Swift, and Fielding, and many other names familiar to every man of reading, that *laughing satire* was the likeliest to succeed, as it strikes the *honied sting* more deep into the heart. Benignus seemed to have been of the same opinion; now and then yielding to the *pathetic*, but never indulging the *passionate*; yet Juvenal himself had not more cause to be out of temper. It is, indeed, most likely, the author of this His-

tory apprehended, with Young, that “the world is too proud to be fond of a *serious* tutor,” and that if his narrative should ever get into print, it would stand little chance to be *well* read (that is, to be read agreeably and *advantageously*) had he only gratified the dictates of despair; had he left nothing behind him, but a detail of his injuries, the complaints of a recluse, and the despondencies of a hermit. In one of his chapters he mentions this; and, accordingly, set down every scene (without the formality of authorship) exactly as he felt it upon recalling it to mind; and I make no doubt but that, while he was thus engaged in faithfully describing his adventures, it hushed the sense of his misfortunes, and he probably forgot (such is the consequence, and such the importance of exercising the mind) that he was a solitary man, in the recesses of a forest.—For my *own part*, I have nothing to tell the reader, but that I wish he may find as much entertainment in perusing these adventures, as I have had in transcribing them.

I can-

I cannot, however, take my leave of the reader, (as the editor of *Benignus*) without briefly obviating certain objections which were made, by some, to the *moral* tendency of the former part of this History. The adventures of *Benignus* are not so much recommended as objects of regular imitation, as of general escape. The goodness of that person's heart, and the integrity of his intentions, may safely be proposed as the purest standards; but his passion for travel, the excess of his undistinguishing bounty, with the various inconveniences and awkward perplexities arising from thence, are examples rather to terrify than to follow. His unlimited benevolence, so far from promoting, defeats the felicity which would arise from a better directed, and more judicious generosity: for liberality loses its name by rambling into profusion; when the hand indiscreetly gives, without the suffrage of the understanding, though the designs of the heart may be amiable, it ceases, in fact, to be goodness, and is therefore nine times out of ten rewarded by the contempt of economy,

mony, the ridicule of imposture, and the trick of necessity.

To warn the unwary then; to put simplicity upon guard; to regulate the kindest, noblest passion, and to shew the delicate partition, which divides humanity from weakness, and feeling from folly, these Memoirs are published; in which (for such purposes) are exhibited scenes of hazard, enterprizes of moment, and a diversity of characters.

It is necessary to say something for having prefixed a Table of Contents to these volumes, contrary to the design of Benignus, whose opinion on the subject will be seen in the sixty-sixth chapter.—To works, however, of this nature, it is not only customary to give short introductory summaries, but it was even whispered to the editor, by several *gentle* readers, that such pithy hints at the head of a chapter were not only agreeable, and convenient, but even honest and conscientious in an author; for, said they, if we like the promised matter in the *general*, we enter readily
into

into the *particulars*: if we do not, we turn over the leaves, till we hit upon what is better suited to our taste.

To make this History as pleasing as possible, by yielding to the wish of various tempers, I have taken the freedom of an editor, to humour certain readers in this article: but, that I might not too flagrantly oppose the intentions of my author, I have managed my information with some œconomy; and, though a little is anticipated, a great deal more will be found in every chapter, than can, or indeed *ought* to be told, at the top: and therefore it is my serious and earnest advice, as a fair-dealing editor, between author and reader, that (lest any entertainment should be lost) the whole should be read through with candour.

into the particulars: if we do not, we turn over the leaves, till we hit upon what is better suited to our taste.

To make this History as pleasing as possible, by yielding to the wish of various readers, I have taken the freedom of an editor, to omit certain readers in this article: that I might not too harshly oppose the intentions of my author, I have managed my information with some economy; and, though a little is anticipated, a great deal more will be found in every chapter, than can be read, or is needful to be told, at one sitting: and therefore it is my desire, and earnest desire, as a publishing editor, between author and reader, that (if any circumstance should befall) the whole should be read through with attention.

P R E F A C E

To the THIRD EDITION.

THE History of Benignus is, in these volumes*, brought to such a period as sufficiently enforces the *moral* intended to be deduced from it. The laws of romance, novel, and comedy, might require a different catastrophe: for in those, it is too often the custom, (at *all events*, even though many are brought in, as it were, by *the head and shoulders*) to crowd the *last* scene with persons married, or murdered, to the novel-reader's satisfaction. But the laws of *narrative* ought

* Alluding to the two last, as they appeared at the first publication.

to be less rigid, and, I flatter myself, the reader will forgive my adhering, upon this occasion, to *human nature*, even though I verge against the formalities of literary custom.—

The former portions of the work contain many of those dialogues, conversation-pieces, and characters, which fell, necessarily, in the way of our emigrating author in his romantic ramble after *happiness*.

But now, as he advances farther into society, a greater variety of *events* and *opinions*, (some serious, some whimsical, according to the particular temper, mind, and manner of the speaker) present themselves: to which have been generally added, the adventurer's reflections, upon peculiar scenes, as they figured before him.

In the progress of these delineations, the great DESIGN of the Work, hath never been lost sight of: on the contrary, every volume,

as

as it may be noted by the discerning reader, carries the intended illustration nearer to the heart and understanding; till the result of the whole, it is hoped, appears to be in full lustre, *what* the author himself, feelingly asserts, it *should* be.

“ Unhappy (says our disappointed adventurer, in the 110th chapter of the volumes now offered) is he, who, in the days of his youth, traverses this intricate world, without a guide; and of all other preposterous passions, the most preposterous is *that*, which induces an orphan of fortune to trust himself to mankind, with neither experience to direct, prudence to advise, nor œconomy to regulate. . Let no man who is new to the active scenes of a city, ever venture again into a metropolis, unattended: let no man indulge his inclinations for *travelling*, without first considering that if he is miserable at home, he must tread warily indeed, if he does not *increase* that misery abroad. Let no man rush into the tumults of life without a virtuous monitor: in a word, let every

be done by the hand of the painter, as *Telemachus*

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Telemachus tremble at the conduct, which is not first sanctified by the approbation of a *Mentor*!

This apostrophe hath been variously exemplified in the course of the History; in which, it appears to have been, not the *least* effort of the author, to analyze the real characters of men, to display the strange and ridiculous inconsistencies of human opinion respecting HAPPINESS; and, (after all this shew off of folly, delusion, and absurdity, under their characteristic disguises) to fix, by predominant arguments, the *highest* degree of that happiness, in the practice of Virtue, and in the precepts of Christianity.

Both the editor and the author have, already, entered a caveat against being accountable for the vice or depravity of any of the characters. Who even thought of charging Shakespeare with immorality, for having drawn an Iago; Fielding, a Blifly, or Richardson, a Lovelace?

It

It is certain that, in these closing volumes, some reprehensible characters will offer themselves; and, perhaps, some scenes that certain editors might have rejected. But, I am persuaded, those writers, who only employ themselves in drawing pictures of Virtue, do her but *half* justice. The real gem is set off by the foil; the charms of beauty are heightened by deformity: in like manner the lustre of *virtue* derives greater brilliancy from being opposed to the squalid appearances of *vice*. If the maxim of the poet be indeed true: if,

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien

As, to be hated, needs but to be *seen*.”

it follows, that to *pourtray* that monster, and to place the portrait, (by way of *contrast*) near the picture of Virtue, is the most commendable task in which a moral painter, either serious or comic, can engage.

Ay, (it may be said) but if this monster is so disguised by false colouring, and so tricked out by the hand of the painter, as to attract us under

under the form of a cherub, and is thereby able to "make the worse, appear the better reason," may not the danger be excessive? To this I answer, that in the world,—in *real* life—infinite are the dangers produced by this polished, and Belial-like hypocrisy: but, it has been the constant care of this History, to make every contrast *conspicuous*: thus the irregular bounty of BENIGNUS is opposed to the rational sympathy of *Greaves*: the coarseness of the *Gracer*, is held in contrast to the delicacy of *Blewitt*: the openness of *Benjamin*, to the artifice of his uncle: the polish of *Draper*, to the queerness of *Green*: the purity of conjugal love, in *Sadberry*, to the illicit engagements of *Benignus*, with *Lucy* and *Blake's* wife; the system of the Freethinker, with the system of the Lady who speaks in the FRAGMENT that will be found in the present volumes.

Thus, even the *careless* reader, may detect the cloven foot, as he goes along; and distinguish the painted devil, which, (arrayed only in the ornaments of native innocence)

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in despite of those plausible affectations that are assumed to make him prosper in society, come to merited shame at last.

Here then the editor thinks it necessary to terminate the History, and to take leave both of his author and the public.

P R E-

in despite of those plausible assertions that
are allured to make him proper in society
come to merited shame and.

Here then the editor thinks it necessary to
terminate the history, and to take leave both
of his author and the public.

P R E F A C E

To the PRESENT EDITION.

A GREEABLE to *promise, I have spared no pains to render the present edition more acceptable, and more complete. The flattering kindness by which the performance has been distinguished, animated at once my gratitude and diligence. Accordingly, I undertook chearfully the correction of those parts, which were *obviously* faulty, as well as those improprieties, whether of diction or sen-

* See page x. of Preface to the First Edition.

ment, that were marked by the critics. Perhaps it may still be said, that *all* the objections are not, even yet, removed. To this I answer, that, as to defects of *language*, they will, more or less, in so long a work, elude the vigilance, and baffle the skill of *every* young writer; and, with respect to the errors which were said, (probably for want of expressing my meaning more clearly) to lie against the *morality* of the production, and especially of the two first volumes, it is proper to say, that I have availed myself of every criticism, either public, or private, which came within my knowledge; and wherever any part of such criticism appeared to be founded on principles of judgment, truth, or candour, I yielded obedience with pleasure, and consecrated, whatever could *bear* misconstruction, to oblivion. A few of the reprehensions, nevertheless, appeared to issue from *mistake* in the critic: such I have now attempted to clear up, either by better arranging the sentiment, or else by reference to a note in the margin. I shall detain the reader with preliminaries no longer, than

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than just to inform him, all the *former* Prefaces are admitted into this edition, because they may be considered as so many defences of the work, in the progress of its original publication.

- Section I. General Address.
- Section II. Remarks on the History of the Religion.
- Section III. The Principles of the Religion.
- Section IV. The Principles of the Religion.
- Section V. The Principles of the Religion.
- Section VI. The Principles of the Religion.
- Section VII. The Principles of the Religion.
- Section VIII. The Principles of the Religion.

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- SECTION I. General Address.**
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- SECT. III. The prejudices of writers, and readers. Observations on originals, and copies.**
- SECT. IV. Whimsical sketches of an imaginary animal family.**
- SECT. V. A comparison—youth and age.**
- SECT. VI. Sports of a squirrel—monkies, and men.**
- SECT. VII. A secret. Remarks upon books of travel.**
- SECT. VIII. The historian. Remarks upon travellers. Owls, ants, bees, and butterflies.**

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SECT. IX. Exhibits a robin-red-breast. Persuasive to fidelity.

SECT. X. The elegy of a nightingale. Persuasive to hospitality.

SECT. XI. Definition of a modern opera. Skeleton of its story.

SECT. XII. The cottage.

SECT. XIII. A dedication in the modern style; offered as a pattern to book-makers. The account critically stated between dedicator and dedicatee, or the art of praising.

SECT. XIV. Another dedication, but not proposed as a pattern.

SECT. XV. A card, addressed to lap-dogs. Moral applications suited to man and beast.

SECT. XVI. Smile at a monument. Burlesque on the vanities of death, an epitaph, and a poetical inscription.

SECT. XVII. Introductory adventure to the History of Benignus. A pathetic discovery. Manuscript of his narrative written by himself, found in a crimson case.

SECT.

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SECT. XVIII. Exordium to

CHAPTER I. The babyhood of Benignus,
with a view of his situation and temper.

CHAP. II. His rule of conduct—excellent in
the principle, but unskilful and faulty in the
practice. A mistaken way of being a good
boy.

CHAP. III. In which is displayed orchard rob-
bing, and its consequences. Our good boy
Benignus turns informer.

CHAP. IV. Containing struggles betwixt pity
and honour. Our Hero resolves to be what
he takes to be just, and procures to his
play-mates a severe flagellation. The in-
former is hooted, and accused of treason.
Mistakes the nature of Benevolence, and
argues erroneously upon his favourite prin-
ciple.

CHAP. V. Which will recommend our strip-
pling to every reader of sensibility. His
generous artifice, and the cruelty of his
school-fellows.

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CHAP. VI. A simple story, not without a moral.

CHAP. VII. Which will urge the reader to exclaim, alas! poor Benignus.

CHAP. VIII. Another instance of our hero's, sweet disposition, and another false argument upon its consequences.

CHAP. IX. Sudden death. Our stripling his own master.

CHAP. X. Benignus takes possession of his fortune.

CHAP. XI. In which Benignus first discovers a rambling resolution.

CHAP. XII. The pleasant ceremony of condolers, and congratulators.

CHAP. XIII. Benignus turns sophister—the common consequence of disappointment, and an endeavour to account for it.

CHAP. XIV. In which twenty pounds is given away without doing one farthing's worth of good: upon which our young gentleman argues with his usual propriety.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV. Wherein the philosophy of a sound divine is burnt up by a single spark falling from the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; and one of those soliloquies, which are characteristic of the extraordinary hero of this veritable history. The sanity of his intellects suspected.

CHAP. XVI. A farther proof of the truant disposition of Benignus, and a view of the first stage of a journey to London, whither our hero is going in search of happiness.

CHAP. XVII. The pleasure of travelling in a stage. A view of passengers. The journey and history go on, fair and softly.

CHAP. XVIII. Group of fellow-travellers exhibited generally.

CHAP. XIX. They are shewn off more particularly. First appearance of personages who will furnish considerable future entertainment to the reader. The OPINIONS of a grocer and a quaker, on the subject of happiness.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XX. Benignus talks like a boy, and his friends like men of business.

CHAP. XXI. The maimed soldier—a touch of the pathetic, and the first display of Mr. Greaves's character. An even lay, as to the benevolence of the quaker and the grocer. Some circumstances also, which lay claim to a tear.

CHAP. XXII. A dispute about the uncharitableness of being charitable.

CHAP. XXIII. The history of Bob Blewitt; at which some will smile, many sneer, and a few, perhaps, be obliged to wipe their eyes.

CHAP. XXIV. Bob Blewitt's history concluded.

CHAP. XXV. Containing a concise system of conduct for a man of the world, by the grocer.

CHAP. XXVI. The scene draws, and discovers the grocer in all his glory: his person described, and his picture taken from the life, sat preparing for supper, warranted original,

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original, with his progress from the parlour into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVII. A very hot engagement burneth through all the pages of this chapter, with much effusion of blood, violence of personal prowess, and echo of blows. The cause of this *rencontre*, with the destruction of a noble supper, and the loss of the grocer's coat.

CHAP. XXVIII. Benignus takes leave of the grocer and quaker, and joins Mr. Greaves in a post-chaise. That gentleman criticises on the importance of splendid exterior in travelling. The bargaining and sale of civility, and the commerce of compliment.

CHAP. XXIX. Containing a description of Mr. Greaves's person, a fine morning, and turnpike road.

CHAP. XXX. The consequence of early culture, and a dissertation on the effects of education, by Mr. Greaves.

CHAP. XXXI. The dissertation continued, in which are observations on the parlour, and the

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the plough. Benignus is delighted by the good sense of Mr. Greaves, and astonished at his own simplicity.

CHAP. XXXII. The affair of education farther descanted upon.

CHAP. XXXIII. The same subject.

CHAP. XXXIV. Sheweth, that what every body says may not be true, and that the Vox Populi is not necessarily the Vox Dei. Inversion of popular maxims. What every body says, sometimes false: An instance. Mr. Greaves discloses the cause of his journey. The chapter closes in tears.

CHAP. XXXV. Prior to the perusal of which, every reader who is not habitually hard of heart, should provide himself with an handkerchief. The character of Mr. Greaves becomes uncommonly interesting.

CHAP. XXXVI. The sorrows of a forlorn father.

CHAP. XXXVII. Wherein is a letter.

CHAP. XXXVIII. Containing a poetical narrative of an injured daughter. The progress

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progress of an unfortunate female. Success of seduction. Loss of character, and consequent reflections of revenge. Misery of personal violation. Description of the daughter's associates—their arts—their manners. Loss of health. Self-murder suggested as a refuge from despair. The Magdalen-house—a concluding episode.

CHAP. XXXIX. Which relates a pleasing circumstance, admitted rather out of the order of time, on purpose to make the kind reader some amends for those anxieties, which, it is conceived, he felt in the last chapter.

CHAP. XL. Where Mr. Greaves recovers his tranquil tone of mind, and (seeing the mistaken notions of Benignus, who argues falsely, for want of a regular system of thinking) endeavours to set him right in several particulars, relative to the disposition of terrestrial events, and apparent inequalities.

CHAP. XLI. The philosophical sentiments of Mr. Greaves on the subjects of providence,

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dence, property, and a sketch of the history of society.

CHAP. XLII. In which Mr. Greaves continues his remarks. The ascendancy of money.

CHAP. XLIII. Mr. Greaves enters, according to his ideas, into some farther vindications of Providence. The benevolence of the Deity to man, evidenced in various instances—in the construction of the frame—in the structure of the mind—in her power, operations, sympathies, and faculties, &c. &c.

CHAP. XLIV. Mr. Greaves comments on the use and abuse of money. Necessary obedience to some of the customs of a country. Propriety of heaping up pecuniary appearances, argued from the miseries of dependence. The policy of œconomy.

CHAP. XLV. In which are sudden surprises. A new mode of robbery. The conscience of a highwayman, and the knavery of a post-boy.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XLVI. Dissertation on decayed gentlemen. The last post-chaise brings our travellers within the prospect of London. Mr. Greaves interests himself in the welfare of Benignus, and, upon a view of the metropolis, takes occasion to warn him of the various dangers and temptations he is about to encounter. They arrive in London, and separate.

LIBE.

CHAP. XLVI. Dissertation on decayed gen-
eration. The last post-chaise brings our
travellers within the precincts of London.
Mr. Garvey interests himself in the welfare
of Benjamin, and, upon a view of the in-
terests, takes occasion to warn him of the
various dangers and temptations he is about
to encounter. They arrive in London,
and separate.

LIBERAL OPINIONS,
&c.

THE
HISTORY OF BENIGNUS.

SECT. I.

I AM more obliged to you, madam, than I can find language for acknowledgment. A sentiment of your ladyship's has revived in my mind, a train of ideas which I have, at length, determined to indulge. Be not alarmed. The sentiment, like the subject, is full of humanity. Ill fare the heart, whose

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B

tender

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tender bias is circumscribed by the paltry trammels of self-love, and can with-hold its benevolence from the minutest part of animated life. There is a deplorable illiberality in the affections of the vulgar: narrowly bigotted to one mean set of notions, which have been confirmed by maxims that have been inculcated in the early periods of life, they seldom rise to a single sentiment, which reflects dignity, either on the head or heart; and thus the feelings of above half mankind are totally guided by contracted, and partial prejudices.

In contradiction to these limited rationals, and in defiance of customary impositions, I insist upon being allowed the fortitude to think, and judge for myself. I look on the animal world as very nearly connected with the moral; and thus publicly declare myself the
sincere

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 3

sincere well-wisher of every living thing. I am now going to address your ladyship upon some very interesting subjects: but, as they may possibly lengthen my enquiries beyond the ordinary limits of a letter, for it is horridly hard to stop the pen, when the ideas are on the flow, I shall divide it into several parts; both for the relief of attention, and to afford an opportunity to pause, till it is agreeable to your ladyship to resume the book.

S E C T. II.

T H E T I T L E.

I have called this treatise in the general running title, LIBERAL OPINIONS.

This I did to give myself freer scope, and to receive sanction for indulging

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speculations, not absolutely tied down to the rules of systematic writing. Not that I, however, mean to run riot in the wilderness of modern digression, but if (by turning a little out of the beaten path,) I can pick up an observation or a sentiment, neglected by such literary travellers as set out, like a plodding mechanic, with an inflexible resolution to jog strait forwards, though they might enjoy the most beautiful prospects by the slightest deviations, at the same time, that an obstinate attachment to the old track, presents nothing to the eye which hath any novelty to recommend it, nor any thing to the mind that can give it a varied gratification. What a horrid insipidity is there, in those compositions, which are formally fettered by the chains of criticism. Like the gardens of a citizen, we have regularity without beauty, and
unifor-

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uniformity without taste. The images stand in exact lines, immodestly staring upon each other; the busts are set skulking like q's in a corner, as equidistant as the rule can measure their spaces; while the trees, alcoves, and hedges (smug as their master's wigs) are cut in the most preposterous manner, exhibit nature suffering the inquisition of art, and excite the ridicule of every sensible passenger. Among the countless quantity of books in our language, how few are there, madam, abounding in original thought. The multiplication of copies is indeed infinite, and therefore the reader is seldom presented with any fresh instruction, or any unhaekneyed entertainment. I do not mention this, to insinuate, that I have hit upon a new vein in the mine, but as it

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serves my purpose of making a remark or two, on

S E C T. III.

THE PREJUDICES OF WRITERS AND READERS,

With whom the power of education is stronger than the appetites of nature. Most of those who publish their sentiments, have past their lives rather in turning over volumes, than in tracing accurately the shifting scene, and deliberately considering the written page with design to enrich themselves with original ideas; rather in rapid reading, than in correct thinking. On the other hand, the majority of those who are most eager after the perusal of books, are directed by tutors to read a
certain

certain set, on the faith and credit of which, their future maxims, opinions, and behaviour are to be formed. Thus, both writers and readers go in leading-strings. The one print what has been before printed (with some slight alteration,) the other consider as incontestible, those tenets which they have found in their favourite authors, or heard from the lips of friends or masters, who are, probably, under equal prejudices. There are, indeed, certain self-evident propositions, the truth of which, like the sun at his meridian, strike unobstructed light upon the mind. To cavil or conjecture against *these*, would be to war with demonstration, and combat heaven. There are, also, a variety of opinions, rendered awful by the general belief of men, which have been adopted as maxims out of the reach of confutation. Upon this account, if at any

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time a man hath dared to oppose a notion, handed down from father to son with the same care as the rent-rolls of the family-estate; which was put into our mouths with the milk of our mothers, and pinned upon our understandings as early as the bibs on our bosoms; what is the consequence? He is condemned as a dangerous innovator; as one, who would upset the established system of things, a system which antiquity hath made venerable and decisive. Strange bigotry! 'tis a dependency, beneath the natural freedom of the mind. An intellectual obligation, is more servile than a pecuniary one. One would not, indeed, like Mandeville, oppose every thing from the obstinate tenacity of founding a new system upon the ruins of the old; since that were as absurd as setting fire to one's house, because some flaws and errors were perceptible

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 9

ceptible through the building—but it would, methinks, be an act of wisdom to do the best to repair it. Thus much as an excuse for some peculiar sentiments which will probably be distributed through this work, of which I have the honour to inscribe this first proportion of it to you ladyship. It is likely, I may advance opinions, not wholly correspondent to the general *imitation* of thinking—for, I am sorry to say, that our usual ideas are derived from a very silly, as well as a very servile imitation; the most sensible people are frequently parrotted; they think as they are *bid*, to think, and talk the dull dialect of their teachers, from the cradle to the coffin. A man of *original* contemplation, is therefore a prodigy; and (like a prodigy) the eyes of every body are upon him the moment he appears; even the few that are pleased with his

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fortitude, admit the very conviction they feel with some reluctance; we part from nothing we have any length of time been accustomed to venerate, without pain. Hence, many who have talents for speculation, check the generous *impulse*, through a dislike of being thought particular. Upon this account genius rusts in inactivity, and men content themselves with going on, in the old road, to avoid the charge of singularity, and the smile of derision, not considering that a smile much oftener betrays ignorance, than it discovers sagacity. I have ventured, however, madam, to give the rein to my inclination, and shall ramble from the beaten way of literary traffic, when it seems necessary to the discussion of topics, which afford an ample field of liberal inquiry, and innocent investigation.

SECT.

LIBERAL OPINIONS. II

S E C T. IV.

SKETCH OF AN ANIMAL SOCIETY.

I have, as your ladyship will remember, already declared myself the friend of all the inhabitants that either wing the air, or crawl upon the earth: and, although I have the tenderest attachment to my own species, and glory in the name of man, yet, if in my travels through the world, I happen (as is sometimes the case) to meet in the brute, the insect, or reptile, those endearing qualities which I look for amongst men in vain, I hesitate not to strike a bargain on the spot; form a strict alliance with the more rational animal, and only lament that it is possible for those who have

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dominion over the creation to be out of an inferior order.

Having said thus much, your ladyship will not wonder if, in this performance I should say something in defence of those gentle domestics that accompany us in our retirements.

Now, of all creatures whom nature hath accommodated with four feet, I am *most* enamoured of lap-dogs: yet, I admire indeed almost every sort of dumb companions, amongst which I have now lived, with little of other society, for five years. Will your ladyship please to hear a description of my family?

Suppose me, madam, at my own house, (if I presume not in calling that a house, which consists of a single story), be it then in my cottage (for that is the term which humility would give it); you behold me sitting there before a
frugal

frugal fire, with my little partakers of the blaze around me. That cat, sitting, sage and thinking, on the edge of the form, is not more remarkable for her beauty of person, than for the uncommon accomplishments of her mind. I say *mind*, because I am, as you will by and by perceive, out of doubt as to that particular: the trick-trying kitten, busied in chasing her shadow round the room, inherits all the genius of her mother, but has a small spice of the coquette mixt up in her temper; yet this is so common to pretty young females, and so naturally wears off when they arrive at the gravity of cathood, besides that it is really graceful in kittenhood, it would be a needless severity to check it: the activity and fun of the creature, as she skips sidelong in wanton attitudes and antics, is now and then so pleasantly burlesque, and so like the
gaiety

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gaiety of youth, that the inflexible muscles of yon old wretch of a pointer, stretched in slumber along the hearth, relax into a grin; and sometimes the veteran is so inspired by the mimicry of little puss, that he raises his paw, gives her a pat of encouragement, and discovers all the playfulness of a puppy.

There is in this place so fair an opportunity of trying my skill as a writer, that I cannot resist making

S E C T. V.

A COMPARISON.

Did you never take notice, madam, of two people of different ages suddenly attracted to each other by the sympathy of ideas? Nothing but the power of pleasant thoughts could have effected

effected an association; the old man sits a long time smothered up, in the midst of his own melancholy, he hangs his head upon his breast, fixes his eyes over the fire, and seems to be employed in some profound speculation: the fatigue, however, of thinking proves too laborious, and he is at length rocked to sleep, in the cradle of his reflections. In the mean time, his favourite boy is left to cater for himself. The eye of a child converts every trifle into an object of entertainment, and every pretty unimportance, is esteemed a joyful acquisition. The father, after the refreshments of his nap (that nepenthe of age) awakes; the stripling mean time is acting the kitten on the floor, and ingeniously exerts a thousand little efforts, to vary its amusement. Age surveys the picture, and recalls ideas which bring to mind the moments when he

I

was

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was *himself* the happy harlequin of the carpet; a tear drops involuntarily, and that is succeeded by a smile.—At length the distance of ages is quite forgotten; the veteran is caught in the charm of chearful retrospection, forgets awhile the decrepitude of the last stage, and mixes in the whimsical and puerile gratifications of the first.

You see, madam, here were too many flowers to remain uncropt. It would have been unpardonable for a young writer to let them wither, and

“Waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

I have made up my nosegay—and am now ready to return with your ladyship to

SECT.

S E C T. VI.

M Y F A M I L Y.

Scampering up that shelf, sports an animal of peculiar pleasantry. It is TRIMBRUSH, my squirrel, madam; a very ingenious, sprightly, and whimsical fellow, the macaroni of animals; full as mischievous, full as coxcomic, and a great deal *more* witty than many a finer gentleman, whose advantages have been greater. His many entertaining conceits, and the laughable manner in which he sometimes amuses himself, have acquired him the name of the HUMOURIST.

Apes, monkies, pies, and parrots, I have none. They were so assuming and saucy a set of domestics, and tyrannized so arrogantly over the pacific and meek-

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meek-tempered part of my family, that I e'en discarded them from the society. They now reside with characters, for whom they are more proper companions. My apes being in possession of certain mimics, who caricature the excellence and talents of *others*, because they have neither talents or excellence of their *own*; it is expected that the eldest male-ape will make his first public appearance next winter, in the character of a modern Lecturer, to which will be added a farce of burlesque imitations. My monkies I have presented to a beau, and they are supposed to furnish him with hints, by which he is enabled to *lead the fashion*; so that your ladyship perceives the *bon ton* are not a little indebted even to the *excommunicated* part of my family: as to my parrots, pies, and birds of speech, they are all the property of an unmarried
maiden

maiden gentlewoman, who is so extremely celebrated for volubility of conversation, and so unfatigued a continuer, that nothing *human* could ever come in for a word; yet she loves to hear nonsense, as well as talk it; and I am told by a friend, that my orators are, almost, a match for her. Must it not be a charming concord of sounds, when every instrument is in tune? I was once at the concert myself, and the confusion of tongues must have been order and intelligence to it. Poll screamed, mag chattered, the monkies squeaked, and the lady (with a note above them all) laboured hard for that charter of her sex, the *last word*. The day of their departure was celebrated by my creatures as a jubilee; my cats purred, my dogs gamboled, my squirrel danced a new cotillion on the occasion, and my birds (which you hear, are no
bad

bad musicians) whistled a fresh overture.

I beg your ladyship will honour, that owl (blinking on his perch in the corner) with particular attention. He is known in my family by the name of the Feathered Philosopher; and that fair creature, uxoriously nestling under his left pinion, is his spouse, and a Poetess of no mean character—shall I let your ladyship into

S E C T. VII.

A S E C R E T

The sage personages above mentioned, were some time since in London, and the intimate companions of some town owls; and it has been seriously averred to me (by some of the trade)

trade) that several poems, a collection of essays, several medical compositions, and a very large bundle of political papers, under a variety of signatures, together with sixteen volumes of sermons, warranted originals, and published from authentic manuscripts, now in the possession of many right reverend owls, were the joint-labours of this literary and ingenious, but unfortunate couple. In what incidents consist their misfortune, your ladyship will see, when I come to communicate their secret history; which history will abound, I trust, with as miraculous escapes, surprising adventures, marvellous turns of fortune, providential deliverances, entertaining transitions, and accurate delineations of life and character, as were ever related; and in this presumption, I am so certain of the fact, that I shall not give up the point, even to the wonderful

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derful Robinson Crusoe himself. And now, madam, I beseech you to cast a kind eye on that exquisite little thing ruminating on his rug, 'tis my

SECT. VIII.

HISTORIAN,

The Isaac of dogs—the Benjamin of animals. Never, sure, in man or beast resided more gratitude, or more sensibility. Behold, his bosom is grown grey in my society. Many a time when the storms of the world have blown hard upon my head, even till the violence of the shock assailed my heart; when the eye of friendship became inverted, by ill success, and when I looked in vain around me for the benevolence of sympathy; and the consolations of human

man attachment; in those destitute moments (to the shame of man) came that affectionate adherent, and (with an officiousness of love, which wanted not the eloquence of words to be understood) taught me to take refuge in resignation, and in his company set at defiance the malice of vicissitude. That very creature has made the grand tour, and at last returned, in a good old age, to his chimney corner, and household gods, fraught with wisdom and experience. He was tutor to the puppy of a nobleman, who was indeed but a dull dog himself. Tripsea, however, (for so is my favourite called,) though he could make no wise impressions on the young heir, did not neglect to enrich himself with all the policy, maxims, manners, government, and constitution of every country through which he passed. His thirst of foreign knowledge was, indeed, so

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so remarkable, and his inquiries so minute, that he can bark upon those subjects with as much fluency as any traveller upon earth; and this it is which makes him, one or another, the most entertaining animal that ever crossed the Atlantic. It was this creature which confirmed me in the belief, that the partition betwixt instinct and reason was totally transparent; and that the animal and rational saw through very similar mirrors. Tripsea is the delight of my society; nay, he is at this time president of a canine club, of which he is the life and soul; for they, being a set of ignorant country-bred dogs, he plays his own game with them; and, to say the truth, he does sometimes so bamboozle the creatures with touches of the stupendous, as travellers, you know, madam, are apt to use a long bow, that he makes every particular hair to
stand

stand an end upon their backs. Yet the veriest cur of the county is open-mouthed to swallow the news; and all, to a dog, admire his parts, and confess the power of travel. I believe Tripsea is at this very time preparing a journal for the press, in which the public may expect a collection of remarks, not inferior to any extant, with notes critical and explanatory, on the errors and abuses of other historians. As for the right honourable and drowsy whelp, who was the companion of Tripsea, his business abroad was pretty much like his business at home; he straggled about the streets, lifted up a naughty leg against the public buildings, kept a mistress in a corner, intrigued with a lady of the court, had an affair of honour with the poor dog of a husband, got worried by a bravo, seized by an officer of justice, whined out six days in prison, and

wrote a fawning letter to the animal of a minister to release him; but at length, as destitute of wisdom, as of every thing else that is valuable, he is returned, the hopeful and eldest son of the ancient family of the Jolters; and his present employment is to talk highly of the great advantages of finishing one's education abroad, in order to persuade other puppies to follow his example. But the improvements of Tripsea, madam, the harvest of exotic instruction, which that dear serious-looking creature has in store,—but, hush! he barks. Artful animal, I know the reason; see, madam, he leaps upon my lap. Ay, ay, I thought so. I hope your ladyship will pardon him, as he is in treaty with a bookseller about his Authentic Memoirs, and has almost disposed of the copy-right, he whispers me his opinion, that it would be ungentleel
to

to publish any anecdotes beforehand, and might hurt the sale. For you ladyship will be pleased to understand, that that there has been of late a surprising revolution in the world of literature; brains, however manufactured, sell now for little or nothing; for the largest, and doubtless wisest, heads in the nation have discovered that there is nothing within, (and consequently nothing that can come out), which can reasonably be considered as property. 'Tis all a caput mortuum; and past any sort of doubt, that the inside even of a privy counsellor's skull is not worth half the value of the wig that covers it. This being the case, Tripsea is certainly in the right to make the best of his manuscript.

My family then, madam, briefly stands thus:

1. A tabby cat. Descended from Mr. Gray's Selima.

C 2

2. A

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2. A tortoise-coloured kitten.
3. A pointer, — of Spanish extraction.
4. A philosophical-medical-metaphysical-political-critical owl.
5. An essayical-poetical-epigrammatical owless.
6. A social squirrel. A humourist.
7. An historical geographical lap-dog, third son to Pompey the Little.

To which may be added a chorus
Of larks, linnets, and finches.

Your ladyship would very justly
accuse me of ingratitude, were I to
neglect my out-of-door connections,
whether footed or feathered: at the
end of my garden you observe a bee-
hive, inhabited by small, but in-
dustrious people; and, though their
little city swarms, I do not think a
single drone is to be found amongst
them;

them; and this is no very usual circumstance attending a populous place. There is not, however, what can be called a lazy creature in the whole commonwealth, for the crowned head labours with his subjects, and every individual brings something into the general treasury. A still minuter community possess the empire of that funny hillock; and are likewise animals of so commercial a turn, that the buz of eternal business resounds through the neighbourhood. Your ladyship will likewise take notice of some family-hens, and sir Chanticlear at the head of them, strutting and gallanting it in all the pride of passion and of conquest. It is the custom of the country to allow him many wives, madam; and therefore I do not interfere in his amours: on this charter he enjoys the privilege and vanity of his fea-

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thered seraglio as uncontrouled as a sultan; and, for the same reason, as I said before; for were it otherwise, by the chastity of the moon I swear, madam! that I would wring off the wretch's neck for the horrid crimes of polygamy and incontinence, notwithstanding the creature might plead the force of custom, and hope possibly to find an excuse in the illustrious examples of the human race.

A few anecdotes relating to one thing more, I must recommend to your ladyship. I mean

S E C T. IX.

MY ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

Him, however, I claim not as private property, but rather as my friend :
he

he hath been my occasional how-do-ye visitor for many years; the bloom of his bosom is a little faded, you see, madam. At your first acquaintance, he was somewhat shy, but at length he is so infinitely domesticated, that he eats from my hands, drinks out of the same fountain with my linnets, and, in cold weather, is seldom out of my cottage; my animals are all upon very good terms with him. The finches and he sing to each other: and the very cats (through habit and discipline, such is the force of a happy education) spare his life: though, to say the truth, this does sometimes go desperately against the grain; for, now and then, as he hops upon the floor, hunting the food that hath escaped the eyes of the family, they look wistfully at him, and are ready, as it were, to seize him as natural prey.

I would not, however, insinuate to the discredit of my poor Bob, that, by leaving the house in the warm seasons, he acts the ingrate, and forgets the hand that in the hour of cold and hunger protected him; no, madam. He has not mixed enough with the vicious part of the world to adopt a baseness which is almost peculiar to the human species. So far otherwise, that I am certain, the little thing would share with me the last crumb; nay, in a case of extremity, he would resign the whole meal, though it had been the labour of the day to hunt it in the hedges. In the summer, Bob will, indeed, make excursions, just to stretch his wings, and visit a few red-breasted neighbours; but he ever and anon flies back to his favourite spot, pecks at my window, as much as to say, How go you on, sir; and then sits whistling under the

the currant-bush. I have also the pleasure of a nightingale's acquaintance: but, as some misfortune presses on the poor thing, she seldom comes nearer my cottage than yonder thicket; where, embowered among the bushes, she fixes her residence upon a solitary branch beneath the umbrage of an elm, yet, having a sweet pipe, she sings me a song at a small distance (that only serves to send it more meliorated to the ear) almost every evening. Her note, indeed, is always in the penseroso, but, there is melody in her sorrow; and every variation in the harmonious melancholy, works its way into the heart. I have frequently stood listening to her pathetic warblings, till the tears have started to my eye; and thus I totally gave myself up to the tenderness of sympathy. It was in one of these periods, just as the last beams of light

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were reddening in the hemisphere, that, standing in my garden, I heard the voice of Philomela jurgle from the copse. There was a more than usual plaintiveness in her song, and, as I profess to understand precisely the language of birds, I could not but attend particularly to my feathered friend. I sat myself down in that little bower (the aukward architecture of a pastoral hour), and soon perceived that my musical neighbour had chosen that evening to recapitulate the history of her misfortunes. As soon as she ceased, which happened, indeed, before she had concluded the story, owing, I presume (by the abruptness of her breaking off), to the inquisitive impertinence of some chattering bird, which invaded her sanctuary, (perhaps, to tease her with the irksome chirup of condolence), I retired into my cottage, and put together,

ther, as well as I was able, a translation of those touching sentiments I had heard. As often as I am inclined to be serious (and pensive pleasures are particularly dear to me), I turn over the narrative of my poor nightingale, and draw from her misfortunes the most exquisite reflections. Without supposing your ladyship remarkably anxious to search into secrets, I must naturally have excited your curiosity to see the story. You shall not be disappointed. You will instantly read the

S E C T. X.

ELEGY OF A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

For Elufino loft, renew the ftrain,
Pour the fad note upon the ev'ning
gate; [plain,
And as the length'ning fhades ufurp the
The filent moon fhall listen to the
tale.

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II.

Sore was the time, ill fated was the
hour, [dire!

The thicket shook with many an omen
When from the topmost twig of yonder
bower,

I saw my husband, flutter and expire.

III.

'Twas when the peasant sought his twi-
light rest, [hill;

Beneath the brow of yonder breezy

'Twas when the plummy nation sought
the nest, [were still;

And all, but such as lov'd the night,

IV.

That, fondly sitting with a lover's pride,
(My tender custom while the sun
withdrew)

Dear Elusino, sudden left my side,

And the curs'd form of man appear'd
in view.

V.

V.

For sport, the tube he levell'd at our
head, [race,

And, curious to behold more near my
Low in the copse the artful robber
laid, [the place.

Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at

VI.

Ingrateful wretch, he was our shepherd's
son, [cot!

The harmless, good old tenant of yon
That shepherd would not such a deed
have done; [this spot.

'Twas love to him that fix'd us to

VII.

Oft' as at eve his homeward steps he
bent, [o'er,

When the laborious task of day was
Our mellowed warblings sooth'd him as
he went, [was poor.

'Till the charm'd hind forgot that he

VIII.

VIII.

Ah, could not this thy gratitude in-
spire? [please?

Could not our gentle vesitations
Could not the blameless lessons of thy
fire

Thy barb'rous hand restrain from
crimes like these?

IX.

Oh cruel boy, thou tyrant of the plain!
Couldst thou but see the sorrows thou
hast made, [hast slain,
Or didst thou know the virtues thou
And view the gloomy horrors of the
shade:

X.

Couldst thou, behold, my infant young-
lings lie, [par'd,
In the moss cradle by our bills pre-
Babes as they were, unable yet to fly;
Their wings defenceless, and their
bosoms bar'd;

XI.

XI.

Surely, the mighty malice of thy kind,
 Thy pow'r to wrong, and readiness
 to kill;
 In common pity to the parent's mind,
 Would cease the new-made father's
 blood to spill.

XII.

Haply, the time may come, when heav'n
 shall give
 To thee the troubles thou hast heap'd
 on me. [live,
 Haply, ere well THY babes begin to
 Death shall present the dart of misery.

XIII.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,
 As the fond mother hugs her darling
 boy;
 As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
 And the breast throbs with all a pa-
 rent's joy;

XIV.

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XIV.

Then may some midnight robber, skill'd
in guile, [death,
Resolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of
Thy fairy prospects, tender transports
spoil, [breath.
And to the knife resign THY children's

XV.

In that sad moment shall thy savage
heart, [wild,
Feel the keen anguish, desperate, and
Conscience forlorn shall doubly point
the smart; [child:
And justice whisper, This is child for

XVI.

'Rest of their fire, my babes, alas, must
sigh; [care;
For grief obstructs the anxious widow's
This wasted form, this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of destitute despair;

XVII.

XVII.

All load this bosom with a fraught, so
fore,

Scarce can I cater for the daily food !
Where'er I search, my husband search'd
before,

And soon, my nest, will hold, an or-
phan brood !

XVIII.

For Eleusino, lost, then pour the strain,

Waft the sad note on ev'ry ev'ning
gale ;

And as the length'ning shades —

The interruption, madam, put an end
to her complaint ; perhaps your good
sense may here express some surprize
that (as birds have one language to shew
their misery, and another to mark their
happiness) Philomela should *whistle* out
her calamity. If this should not be
thought

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thought quite in nature, I beg she may find an apology in the Italian and English

S E C T. XI.

O P E R A.

The definition of this composition is, a miscellany of the most monstrous contradictions, not *in*, but *out* of human nature ! it is part ballad, and part dialogue ; half poetry, and half prose ; part tragedy, and part comedy ; but all together, it is, in every sense of the word, a complete farce. As they are all manufactured upon the same principle, a specimen of one will serve as a specimen of every thing that hath been produced in this way. The curtain draws, and generally discovers two young people ; the one a lady in love, the

the other her friend and confidante: the lady tells her companion, she doats upon a pretty fellow; this is first talked over in prose, and then set to music in poetry: upon this, the pretty fellow enters, tells you his history, and then gives you his most serious reflections thereupon, in a tune. The young lady and he meet with many disappointments, these make them very serious; upon which they sing desperately one against another, discover all along their passion and their despair, quaver out their feelings to exact time; and, after an infinite deal of musical labour, make their exits in an air that closes in the clapping of hands. The fathers and relations next advance, and bluster out their objections to the match, agreeable to the notes of the fiddle; song combats sentiment, nonsense jostles probability, and the whole concludes with the

the universal applause of a British audience. Such, madam, is the skeleton of a modern burletta: pray pardon Philomela for adopting the passion of so refined a nation. We will now return, to

S E C T. XII.

THE COTTAGE,

In which, amidst my agreeable and innocent society, I sit as the Lord Protector; and it were, indeed, shameful if I did nothing myself. I do a great deal, as much, indeed, as one pair of hands can well master; for your ladyship must know, that nothing which bears a greater resemblance to the human face than nature hath thought proper to bestow upon my owls, do I ever suffer to come near me. My reasons
for

for this oddity are not unworthy your notice, and shall be briefly communicated presently.

It is now more than time I should explain myself as to another oddity. It must have surprized you not a little, to receive a public address from a perfect stranger, a stranger to every thing but your character; and an idea even of that, was obtained from the lips of very poor people, whom your judicious benevolence hath made happy with a little.

Be it known to your ladyship, that my sentiments upon behaviour are not less peculiar than my method of living. Many, now, would have prefaced, dedicationed, and introductionized these volumes, with all possible parade of apology. I have at this moment in idea the very language a modern author would use on this subject. As it ever
appeared

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appeared to me one of the most unnatural crimes in the world to bury a thought which is but just created, and begotten, and by such means smother the intellectual embryo in the womb of the brain; I beg you will allow me to deliver myself of that with which I now labour. The only midwife which we writers call in, upon these occasions, is simply the feather of a goose; and I am concerned for the dignity of my fraternity to inform your ladyship, that after all the pains of the birth, and trouble of dressing, the brat, very often, even at full growth, wants the sense of a gander.

SECT.

S E C T. XIII.
D E D I C A T I O N.

To the Right Hon. worthy, and beautiful,

The Lady ———*

Viscountess of ———* Lady of the ———*

And one of her Majesty's

* ———* * ———*

MADAM,

I must humbly beg permission to throw this trifle at your ladyship's feet: and deeply conscious as I am of its unworthiness, of its inaccuracy, and of its incapacity to stand before so bright and penetrating an eye as your ladyship's, I should not presume even to hope pardon for my temerity, were I not consoled by reflecting that your taste (infinite as it is) meets a powerful competitor in the immensity of your goodness. But I have long wished an opportunity to approach so sacred and distinguished a character; and I now come forwards on my knee, with the pro-

foundest humility of those creatures, which form a part of my present subject. As your illustrious birth defies the ambition of mere human words on the one hand, so your unparalleled virtues annihilate the force of terrestrial compliments on the other: I shall therefore on those heads observe a religious silence. Yet so far I must implore liberty of doing violence to your delicacy, as to remark that you are at once the pattern and paragon of the age; that your beauty, wit, graces, and taste, are the envy of one sex, as your judgment and genius are the astonishment and motives of despair in the other. People of fashion in other ages, have undoubtedly possessed some admirable qualities. One woman may perhaps have been almost as handsome; a second may have been almost as agreeable, a third may have possibly possessed equal sensibility, and a fourth may have been nearly

nearly as liberal: but the grand consolidation and concentration, the universal assemblage of bewitching accomplishments, each collected together, ray by ray, and blazing to a point, like a July sun, were reserved for that curiosity of providence the amiable lady

* * * *

I humbly implore forgiveness for this intrusion, which I will only lengthen by beseeching your grace, I mean your ladyship, though a duchess you ought to be, will permit me to assure you

How sincerely I am,

And

Eternally will be,

Your ladyship's

Most obliged,

Most obedient,

Obsequious,

Devoted slave,

And very zealous servant,

* _ * _ * * _ * _ *

VOL. I.

D

Your

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Your ladyship will observe, that the above address will equally suit all ages, characters, sexes, and conditions. The secret of writing dedications, or, in other words, of drawing characters, is simply this. Produce a pamphlet (which is frequently written on purpose to introduce the dedication); as soon as it is finished, cast about for a person of rank, whom you never saw, and taking a quire of gilt paper, transcribe the performance therein, and send it in manuscript to the patron, whom it is proper to compliment with all the virtues that ever entered into the heart of man. Now in this transaction it is not necessary that the party complimented should actually possess any of the said virtues, nor is that a matter of scrupulous enquiry with the author. It is sufficient for him that he can obtain a purse of money, in return for a page of compliment;

ment; and a skilful writer will always proportion his quantity of praise to the quantity of cash which he expects. So much flattery for so much profit. There are dedications of all prices, from five guineas to five hundred, though I could afford the above for fifty; and yet I believe it contains as pretty flights, as round-about metaphors, as bombastic circumlocution, as was ever sent from a little man in obscurity, to a great man in the gay world; I should have said woman, but, as I said before, it will do as well for one sex as the other. Many are the noblemen and noble-women who would be highly pleased with this prostration of soul and sentiment; but I will not insult your ladyship's understanding with such dishonest nonsense. There is a sensation in the good mind which beggars the loftiest flight of poetical adulation. I am superior to

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the arts of a mercenary dedicator; if I did not think your ladyship above the punctilios of a formal introduction, I should myself be above writing to you; and if I did apprehend these sheets would be novel, entertaining, and not destitute of moral, I should justly deem myself a blockhead, to send them to a woman of a sense. This premised, I beg you will suffer me to discard the absurd flattery of the times, and give you, in five lines, both a preface and dedication.

S E C T. XIV.

To Lady *—————*

MADAM,

An acquaintance of mine, a man of business, tells me of having transferred to your care a fresh favourite of the
canine

canine breed. Your sentiment on the occasion was this, "I will love it, and make it happy." To that sentiment I am indebted for the idea which induced me to begin this letter. It is upon so innocent a subject, and it leads, as you will see by and by, to an important one, so that I am pleased at requesting you will favour it with a reading.

I am,

Your ladyship's

Most obedient servant,

— *—*

The force of imagination is as omnipotent in writers, as in longing-ladies. I am at this very moment whispered, that your ladyship smiles upon this undertaking, and that you sit down by your fire-side rather curious and inquisitive, than reluctant to see the end

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of so peculiar a speculation. Thus encouraged, my labour is lightened, and go chearily on.

But before I advert to the affairs of my own family, it were but a proper courtesy to attend the domestics of your ladyship, and more especially the little creature that is just come into your house. It is promised the honour of your protection.

As I profess myself very tenderly the admirer of lap-dogs, nay, as I profess most heartily to rejoice and sympathise with every atom in the circuit of animated nature, from the Camel to the Caterpillar; it is not, on this occasion, consistent with the affections of my heart, to avoid a word of congratulation. Will your ladyship suffer me to pay the respects of a moment to the favourite itself. The nature of the present work, madam, allows these little digres-

digressions; they are the episodes of our performance, and in historical productions there is nothing to be done without them. At the same time I flatter myself, that I have connected, and, to use a more scientific word, shall continue to concatenate this history surprisingly. Every part will form a link; and although they may be irregularly worked off, yet the artificer will put them together in the end, so as to produce a complete chain. But now, madam, for

S E C T. XV.

T H E C A R D.

TO A LAP-DOG.

Twice, thrice, and four times hail,
thou happy creature! A friend to thy
race compliments thee on thy transition!

D 4

Wel-

Welcome, thrice welcome to the downy carpet, the velvet cushion, and the gay apartment. Delicate, endearing, and envied are now the perquisites of thy distinguished station. The gentle pat, the fond embrace, the tender stroke, the tortoise comb, and the most exquisite viands. Long may the hand that cherishes, protects, and feeds thee, continue its indulgence. As long may'st thou deserve it. Be grateful, and be happy. But, ah! beware of the common vice of prosperity, beware of luxury. Lap-dogs, lords, and ladies, have been equally the victims of voluptuousness. The plenitude of unexercised ease hath been often fatal; and the bills of mortality are swelled with the luxurious, rather than with the indigent. Consider, dear creature, that there is a pestilence in plenty, as well as in famine. Take heed, therefore, that this sudden elevation,

tion, bringeth not upon thee plethoric diseases of indolence, a languid love of sleeping by the fire, a dropfical corpulence, and a vitiated refinement of appetite.—Anticipate not by sloth and inactivity the stroke of dissolution;—but should the attenuated thread of thy existence be untimely cut, shouldst thou pant, in resignation to the decisive blow, which neither Pompey the Great, nor the Little could resist, should that eloquent face, that intelligent eye, that polished skin (oft purified in the snowy fuds), those velvet feet, all yield to the blow, which is impartially levelled at merit and beauty in every form; let those who survive to lament thy exit, inscribe upon the monument (which thy affectionate mistress will cause to be erected) the following honest tribute to thy memory. And the ensigns of excellence shall be embellished in lively figures above it, while Fame shall blow

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her trumpet into the ear of every spectator; and future artificers take the hint of ornament from the trophies on the tomb-stone.

S E C T. XVI.

E P I T A P H.

On FLORIZEL, the only son of DELIA,
Who departed this life
In the year of our Lord,

— * *—*

Anno Ætatis

— * *—*

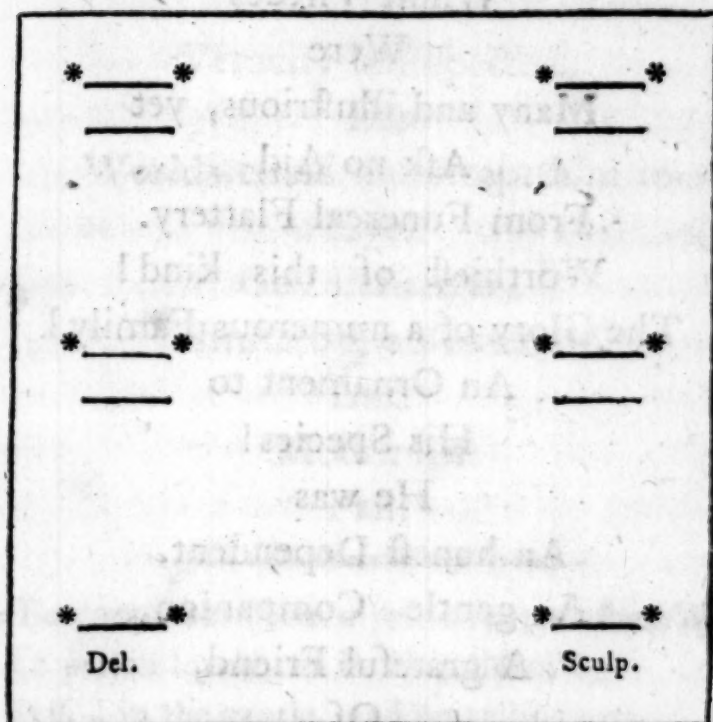
I N S C R I P T I O N.

Whether thou art bird, beast, or man,
Stop, Traveller,
And pay that
Great duty of sensibility
To
A fellow-creature,
For
Beneath this marble
Lie buried

SPACE

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SPACE FOR EMBELLISHMENTS.



THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS WILL
BE EMPLOYED ON THIS SOLEMN OCCA-
SION.

D 6

The

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The mortal Remains
Of
A four-footed Favourite,
Whose Virtues
Were
Many and illustrious, yet
Ask no Aid
From Funereal Flattery.
Worthiest of this kind!
The Glory of a numerous Family!
An Ornament to
His Species!
He was
An honest Dependent,
A gentle Companion,
A grateful Friend,
Of
Integrity inflexible,
For
Toast could not tempt him to
Steal:
Of
Manners incomparable, For

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 61

For
Plenty could not tempt him to
Pride :
Of
Veracity unsuspected,
For
Worlds could not tempt him to
Lye.
Go, Passenger,
Imitate his Virtues,
And
Mourn his
Fall.

To courts accustom'd yet to cringe asham'd,
Of person lovely, as in life unblam'd;
Skill'd in the gentle, and prevailing arts,
That leads directly to soft female hearts;
A kind partaker of the quiet hour,
Friend of the parlour, partner of the bow'r:
In health, in sickness, ever faithful found;
Yet, by no ties, but ties of kindness, bound.
Of instinct, nature, reason, what you will,
(For to all duties he was constant still)
Whate'er

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Whate'er the motive, the event was good,
And spoke the gen'rous tenour of his blood.
Such was the being underneath this shrine;
Study the character, and make it THINE.

We will now proceed, madam, to the most important proportion of this performance, and shall suspend our commentary upon brutes, to analyse the characters of men. Prepare therefore, madam, for

S E C T. XVII.

A D V E N T U R E S.

BENIGNUS, born with one of the tenderest hearts, at a very early period, began to search for a friend: from the age of fifteen to thirty-two were his labours unwearied, and unrewarded. At length,

length, having wasted his fortune and spirits, he gave up the endeavour in despair, and retiring to a forest on the banks of the — he spent the latter days of his life in animal society. No human being was invited to his hut, nor no human form solicited to approach it. In view of the smoke of the metropolis he lived with the obscurity of an hermit; and resolved, if possible, never more to see the face of man. It happened, however, that in the year 1768 he fell sick, and having laid till his distemper had got beyond the reach of medicine, and till his collection of creatures were wasted to the bone, he crawled, by painful efforts, from his bed to the door of his cottage, and fastening thereto a written label, with these words,

"THE PROPERTY OF THE FIRST TRAVELLER,"

he

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he staggered back again to his couch. I was, at this crisis, upon my return from a rural excursion; and as I always loved to explore the most unfrequented paths, in order to diversify my prospects, I beheld, through the obstructions of a great number of trees, something like the abode of a fellow-creature. I hung my horse at the next hedge, and resolved to satisfy my desire of knowing *what* man had chosen so pastoral a situation, in an age when the ideas of Arcadia are treated as the fables of the brain. It was with toil I tore my way through the bushes, footing saw I none; at length, I arrived at the structure, and read the sentiment on the label. Fear, now operated as strongly as curiosity: I knew not whether to go forward, or to retreat. It might, possibly, be the refuge of a robber, and the inscription on the door might be a trap for the in-
cautious.

cautious wanderer. I gave way, however, to my favourite inclination, and, at length, pulled the latch that admitted me into the cottage.

The furniture of the apartment struck me dumb with astonishment: for the groans of the dying, and the situations of the dead, resembled rather a charnel-house, than the cottage of simplicity; birds of various sorts were laying dead in their cages; dogs and squirrels were writhing in the last agony; the master of the mansion was just expired, and one poor solitary cat empress of the dominion, seemed to eye the dead as her natural property.

In a christian country, nay, in a forest so near to ****, I was doubly amazed at these shocking circumstances; what measure should I pursue? Upon casting my eye round the room, I saw a small trunk, and at the end of that several

veral sacks. Looking into the box, I found it full of manuscripts, which immediately commanded my attention, and upon examination of the papers, I soon found the secret of this extraordinary person's birth and connexions. I sought out his relations by the clue which were given by his letters and memorandums. He was allied to people of rank, and as he absconded from every body suddenly, they judged him to have been either drowned or murdered. However, the dead body was by my means restored to the family, and now sleeps with its ancestors in
 * * * *

To this very enterprize, however, I am indebted for something that I value, madam, beyond every other worldly possession. I found it wrapt curiously up in a small bag of crimson velvet, in a little private drawer at the bottom of
 the

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 67

the trunk which contained the manuscripts; and it was afterwards given to me as a rewarding present by the relations of Benignus, for the discovery.

But as it would be unpardonable to lead a lady into the gloom, without endeavouring to reward her for it, I will now, therefore, unlock my darling treasure, and transcribe from

S E C T. XVIII.

THE HISTORY

OF

B E N I G N U S.

EXORDIUM.

As some explanations may be thought necessary for leaving the world, after having mixed in it for a number of years,

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years, and for not transmitting any account of myself since the first hour of my sequestration, I will now throw together the principal heads of my history, and shall leave it behind me, as an apology for my conduct, if haply either I, or this shed, which I have erected with my own hands, shall at any future time be discovered. But as I shall write down these matters at my hours of leisure, when they interfere not with the duties of my domestic family, I shall divide the Adventures into separate CHAPTERS*, that I may take up or lay down the pen, as I think proper.

* According to this intimation of our author, the editor drops the mode of division by *Section*, and divides by way of *Chapter*.

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

The history of my very babyhood is peculiar; I was certainly born to be the sport of fortune. The day which gave me to the world, took my mother out of it; and a month afterwards my father caught a fever, sickened, and followed her. Thus was I an orphan in the nursery; I soon discovered a love of society. My guardian (who was a clergyman) provided me with books, and little companions, and put out my fortune (which consisted of twelve thousand pounds in specie) at interest. The books which he put into my hands were the Spectators. They first put me upon speculation, and my young friends led me into relaxations of amusement. I had not the general objection of a boy to school, because I was eager after

every sort of knowledge. I took my instructions in proportion to my application; but in all my readings and researches, the attachment to my fellow-creatures was my first and favourite passion. Benevolence was the leading principle of my life. I considered myself born to the great duty of making every body happy around me. A virtuous sentiment warmed my heart, a tender story wetted my eye, my hand was open to distress in every form, and I was always ready to give the allowance of my childhood to the alleviation of misery. The Spectators which were all the private library I had at this time; with Virgil, Homer, Sallust, and other of my school-books, were all full of expressions which encouraged me, in my generous principle: they one and all declared, that

To be good, was to be happy.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Upon this noble principle I resolved to begin, continue, and end my existence. I wrote concerning my resolution to my guardian; he confirmed and established the maxim, and concluded by assuring me, that the only way

To be happy, was to be good.

There are few situations in life more pleasing than the contemplations of a young mind, upon the subject of universal happiness. The theory is delightful; the practice is sometimes a little mortifying, especially to young people. I began to put in force my system immediately: I entered into the common pleasure of a school-boy, and tried every possible method to endear myself

myself to my companions. Whenever they committed a childish fault, I took the blame upon myself; whenever any disputes arose, I endeavoured to compromise the matter to the general tranquillity; and whenever they broke any of their toys, I privately repaired the loss with new ones. But some how or another, these efforts did not turn out quite satisfactorily. I got several severe whippings for fathering errors which were not my own; I was stigmatised by the lads as a busy body, for interfering with quarrels which did not concern me; and I was accused of partiality for making presents to one playmate in preference to another. And thus my benevolence was in the very first outset, rewarded with severity, and contempt. However I was too well grounded in the truth of my grand principle, and had indeed naturally too tender

tender an heart, to suffer a few slight mortifications to relax the vigour of my virtue. The morning of life is the meridian of generosity, and though I was a little miserable at my disappointment, I made myself certain, that if I continued

To be good, I should certainly be happy.

C H A P. III.

A number of the boys had one day formed a party to rob the orchard of a neighbouring farmer, and from the orchard had pre-determined to march to the hen-roost, and then return with their spoils to their several chambers. Intelligence of this was communicated to me by a boy who was piqued at being un-

engaged in the adventure. The shock I felt at the news is indescribable. The next evening was to be the time fixt for the perpetration of the fact. It was altogether a business so repugnant to all the precepts I had read, and so immediately combated my notions of benevolence, that I trembled at the idea. I turned over the Spectators: every paper was flat against it. I knew not what to do. The most anxious state of the mind, is the agitation of divided and irresolute reflections. I was bewildered betwixt two measures, unknowing which to choose or which to reject. The questions to be debated were these: Shall I prevent this bad action by expostulating with the boys, or by acquainting the master of the design to commit it? The tenderness of my heart represented a general flagellation, as the reward of the latter; and I therefore

fore chose the former. When once a scheme of this kind is formed by a set of boys, there is a sort of inflexible attachment among the conspirators, that has all the solemnity of a plot upon the government: every lip is sealed, and every eye is wary; I found the banditti (apart from the rest of the boys) gathered together in the true circle of consultation; head within head, and arm within arm. I introduced the subject so as to soften its atrociousness: endeavoured as a friend, a school-fellow, and a companion, to dissuade them from so dishonest an attempt; argued with them as from play-mate to play-mate, and conjured them to desist, promising at the same time to purchase the *very* objects of their present machinations out of my own pocket. They heard me out without any other interruption than stifled titterings, winks, nods, and

knocks against the elbows of each other; but at the conclusion, the general pleasantry was no longer to be disguised, and they burst out into a downright laugh. As soon as they had satisfied their appetite of derision, they assumed a more serious air, called me a listner, a poor, cowardly brat, without spirit for glorious enterprize; bid me stick to my books, and at last set up a great shout, and fairly hissed me from their society.

C H A P. IV.

I retired to my chamber, and burst into tears: a train of reflections pressed hard upon my heart, and (in spite of all my belief in the rectitude of my favourite maxim) I could not help arguing with myself. What (said I) is it
neces-

necessary that in the effort to do good to others, I must make myself miserable? Well, well, no matter: these little miscarriages are but so many trials of my integrity. As the gold comes purified from the fire, so, no doubt, shall my happiness come augmented from trifling anxieties, magnanimously sustained. I will go on in the strait road, and not falter at the thorns, briars, or impediments, which I meet in the journey, even though their points and prickles draw blood from my heart:

To be good, is to be happy.

The dusk of evening began at length to fall upon the earth, under cover of which, the young robbers were to fall forth; I could no longer smother up the secret in my breast. The anxiety of suppression had already half-distracted

me. I saw my master reading in the garden, and immediately ran to him. An act of real fraud must be done, or prevented, within half an hour; I loved my play-mates, but I loved my principles yet more; after many hesitations, and begging their only punishment might be a salutary lecture of reproof, I unfolded the whole scheme. The master looked extremely solemn, while I was speaking, but how was I amazed at the conclusion, to see half a smile prevail over the habitual wrinkles of his forehead. He bid me "not be so much concerned, that boys would be boys: that robbing orchards and hen-roosts, were a sort of petty-larceny, which the little pilferers would commit in defiance of the rod; and that, though he should not encourage theft, yet that such small depredations, upon apples and poultry, were always among the adven-

adventures of every lad of spirit; and that it would not be political in a master to whip them violently away, lest it should hurt their future courage to combat the adversities of life: observing, (in the close of his harangue,) that in general those children made the best men, which were foremost in such puerile achievements." I bowed, and withdrew. Fresh thinking brought on fresh perplexity; I fell again to soliloquy. He that steals a chicken, said I, at ten years old, may be tempted to take a purse at twenty. I rambled very far in the labyrinth of reflection; I could make nothing of it; I gave up the point with the following remark: The master and the boys are both wrong; I have done *my* duty, and my conscience is discharged of a very great load. Without dispute

To be good, is to be happy.

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The next morning (for my master did not think fit to flog for an intended error, but suffered the fact to be first committed), the next morning, a charge was produced against the offenders, and I was pointed out as their accuser. In this, however, the master was disingenuous, for my evidence was utterly unnecessary; the proofs being found on the very persons of the parties, as their waistcoats, and coats and stockings, were covered with the down and the feathers of their trophies, and the pockets of every delinquent, like the panniers of a fruiterer, stuck preposterously out from each side, and betrayed the prog and vegetable spoils within. However, I stood forth, being called upon, in defence of my veracity. The culprits were by no means hardened in the habit of error, and the deep blush of every cheek betrayed silent confession.

The

The bill was found against them, and the sentence of whipping was executed on the spot. The cry was piercing, and went to my heart; how readily would I have partaken the anguish. As soon as this exercise was over, my master went out of the school: before his back was well turned, the very objects of his discipline began to mimic, and make faces at him, and as soon as they judged him to be out of hearing, the whole school was up in arms against me, who they aspersed as a little paltry puppy, which ought to be knocked on the head for telling tales out of school.

News was now brought in, that as the master was seized with an head-ach, and could not attend school, the chief boy must go through the business of the morning in his stead. The boys took advantage of this hour of security, and instantly revenged the discipline

they had received for my information, ten-fold upon me. They buffeted me with their hats, spurted ink upon my cloaths, spit in my face, kicked me in the breech, and loaded me with every insult that a set of barbarous brats could possibly inflict upon the cat which they had tied to the stake. In conclusion, not a boy would sit near me; I was avoided as a pestilence, and some of the smartest actually made verses on my TREASON, as they called it, and sung them about the yard to ludicrous tunes. My sensations at these insults, were a mixture of ten thousand feelings at the same moment.

For a long time after this transaction, I scarce exchanged ten words with any one, but wandered up and down the yard, in a sad, solitary manner, like a distempered sheep, discarded and beaten from the flock. Sometimes indeed an

arch

arch wag would tell me a sorrowful history of his losses, the breaking of a hoop or the demolition of a top; but as soon as he had obtained his end, he would sidle off to his old companions, and putting out his tongue, tell how cleverly he had taken in the INFORMER.

Thus was I cuffed, mocked, hooted at, and deserted, for endeavouring to prevent an action, which I thought, on all hands, unlawful, and unbenevolent. I again took up my dear Spectators, and in those inestimable volumes, I found that the only way to felicity was to PERSEVERE in well-doing. This sentiment was like a cordial to a fainting man. I shut the book, walked cheerfully across my chamber, and resolving to persevere, concluded as usual, that

To be good, was to be happy.

C H A P. V.

At the end of about two months, the severity of my fate began to remit of its rigour. Perpetuated malignity is not often the vice of a school-boy. Altogether of a social turn, I went so far as to purchase a reconciliation, at the cost of a few concessions. But the greatest progress towards a re-union betwixt me and the boys, was made by a skilful distribution of presents and promises: for (however strange it may seem) the influence of money is not greater in the state, than in the schools. A *penny* judiciously bestowed, secures the heart of a child; as a *bank-bill* secures the voice and interest of a man. Children, learn very early to be venal; and though few are misers, many are mercenary. I was at length pretty well re-esta-

re-established in their graces, and really began to think they repented of their treatment. This idea so softened my heart, that I actually invoked the Muse upon the occasion, and, yielding to the friendly impulse, composed a Poem in praise of youthful affection. This was read in open senate, and the sentiments highly approved. I now thought myself blest, for I supposed I had persuaded my school-fellows to.

Be good,

And therefore I,

Was happy.

A friend of our master, and a father to one of the boys, obtained an holiday. The school was emptied in a moment, and its inhabitants dispersed into several parties, agreeable to their respective passions and pursuits. It was, however, soon resolved nem. con. to make it a day of bird-nesting. The idea of game
once

once started by an experienced boy, the rest follow the trail. They were civil enough to invite my company, and that I might not offend them by refusal, I agreed to accompany them, though I detested the diversion. We immediately betook ourselves to the fields, and inclosures, which resounded with the notes of passion, the calls of courtship, and the song of satisfaction. The boys inspected narrowly into every hedge, and tore their fingers and hands in the scrutiny. It was the middle of the summer, when animal nature teems, almost universally, with life. Every bush, therefore, inspired expectation. They soon found eggs in abundance. Some were formed into a string of beads, others were smashed against the ground to see the embryos within, thus prematurely hatched, and murdered, while some, at all events, were broken at one end,

end, and the contents sucked out; as yet, however, no young were found; being wearied with search they suspended it, and agreed to lie down and rest from slaughter under a large cluster of maples, which at a small distance afforded an agreeable shade. Thither they repaired, and, as they appeared to be in a less noisy disposition, probably through the fatigue of their amusement, I took advantage of the moment, and endeavoured to impress upon them a sense of my own PRINCIPLE. The retreat was so comfortable, and the breezes that visited it so refreshing, that few were willing to forsake it; at least till the sun abated his fervor, as he withdrew to the west. To fill up the interval, I proposed to tell them a story. A story, is a very acceptable matter to the extreme curiosity of a young mind, and my offer was immediately caught at.

at. A general silence prevailed through the incumbent audience, which I addressed in the following manner.

C H A P. VI.

IN TIMES OF OLD, lived a man, near a great forest. He was a keeper of sheep, and had (as the story goes) a numerous family. Some of his children were grown up, and some were infants. One was rocked in the cradle, and two were lulled upon the lap. The mother was a noted spinner, and when they could hold the wool in their hands, and had strength enough to turn round the wheel, she set her daughters to work; while the father took care to find sufficient out-of-door business for the boys, some were to tend the herd, and some, that were too weak for hard work, scared the

the birds from the corn. Now it is reported by the neighbours of the adjacent village, that, the old shepherd, the father, was a mighty odd character, and bred up his family in a very different manner from his poor neighbours. As he was unable to give them the advantage of an education like ours, and teach them Latin and Greek, he was resolved to furnish them with such accomplishments as his situation permitted. He was a man of tenderness and simplicity, and often spoke to his children in this manner: "Do all the good you can, boys and girls, but be sure you do no harm. You must all labour for a livelihood, but you may always get your bread innocently; and the bread that is earned honestly, will be always the sweeter for it. I am myself obliged to attend a flock; your mother is compelled to spin, to the
poor

poor sheep therefore we are all indebted; they afford us food and raiment, they shield us from the cold, and prevent us from falling into the jaws of famine. I therefore love the harmless creatures, and would not hurt them for all that they are worth: let this conduct, teach you, children, to behave properly to poor dumb animals, and to use them as they deserve to be used. You are *their* friends, and they are *yours*. Prove yourselves their protectors, but I charge you presume not to think you have any right of tyranny; and may a father's *curse* overtake thee, if at any time ye do wrong to those, which do no wrong to thee: for, be assured, *wanton cruelty will always be returned upon the tormentor.*"

The whole family listened to the old man's argument, and it would have been well for them if they had always
obeyed

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 91

obeyed the precepts of their father. But now comes the cream of the story, pray therefore attend. The eldest son had one day taken the nest of a robin, which consisted of five young ones, and a sixth just bursting from the shell. He carried them home to his brothers and sisters, to each of which he gave a bird; but the little nestling he gave to one of the children in the lap, who wrapping it up in a piece of flannel, put it into a small wicker basket, and set it to the fire. The boy that found the nest, tied a string to the leg of his bird, and cruelly dragged it after him. The second son run pins through the eyes of his bird, and took a delight in seeing it bleed to death. The third gave his to the cat, or rather, *pretended* to give it, for he held it first pretty close to puss's whiskers, and then pulled it away from her, but at last, she pounced upon it, and

and carried off one of the legs. The eldest daughter intended to have taken care of her's, but one of her brothers having murdered his own, seized upon her property, and both pulling the poor wretch different ways, betwixt compassion and cruelty, it died in the contest. And the younger girl, now in possession of the only bird that was left, put her's into a cage, and covered it over with wool. At this crisis the mother, who had been gleaning, and the old shepherd, returned home. The limbs of the dead birds were seen upon the floor, and the cat was busily employed in a corner, at clearing them away. The old man insisted upon the truth. The trembling boy confessed it. "Barbarous wretches! cried the shepherd, is this the return for my care and instruction—but I will punish ye for it." The eldest son he tied by the leg, and did.

did to him as he did to the bird; the second son he scratched with pins till his hands were all over blood; at the third he set his dog, who caught him by the leg as he was used to catch the sheep; the eldest daughter who had lost her bird he pitied. He kissed the second daughter, which had put her poor thing into the cage, but he *bugged to his very heart*, the little creature that had placed the nestling in a warm basket. NOW IT PLEASED GOD, that about six or seven months after this, the eldest son (which had been the cause of all this mischief) fell sick, and died; and many people are now living who say, that as he was going to be put into the ground, the ravens, rooks, kites, and other vast birds, all flew over his coffin, screamed, and could by no means be got away, nor could he rest in his grave for them; because the animals

mals were always digging up the earth under which he lay, as if they were resolved to eat him up—and some declare, *he is actually gone*. I beg pardon, school-fellows, for this long story, but I shall finish directly. I cannot help mentioning to you the different fate of the good little girl that treated the poor animal tenderly. A year after the death of her brother, she died herself of the small-pox, and I do assure you, it has been told to me for fact, that her grave is a perfect garden, for the robins do not suffer a single weed to grow upon it, and GOD ALMIGHTY has adorned it with wild field flowers, as innocent as the baby which they cover.

C H A P. VII.

Though this story was universally attended to with great earnestness, yet it failed, upon the whole, of producing the effect desired. Some few, indeed, were attracted by its moral, but the far greater number were satisfied by saying it was a *pretty story*, only that they disliked the conduct of the father, whom they censured as a cruel old fellow which deserved to be hanged. They now got up, and renewed their sport with a vigour, which my poor story seemed to have redoubled. Nay, some of them carried the matter so far, as to wish they could hit upon a robin's nest, that they might try what fun could possibly lie in the experiments related in the narrative. Perceiving this I began to re-persuade; they laughed—
I pro-

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I protested that I would go without pleasure for ever, rather than derive it from the pain of innocence. They jested on my gravity, even to clamour—I conjured them to listen to the general notes of loss and lamentation which echoed from the parents whose young they were seeking to destroy. They vowed that they wished they had all the birds of the air in the net, and as to me (whom they called a squeamish milk-fop), if I did not like the amusement, I might go home, and play at pat-ball with my sister; adding, for their part, they intended each of them to bring home a *batfull of creatures*, then return and dispose of their spoil as they thought proper.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Once more, mortified, and disappointed in my benevolent endeavours, I sought the road that led to the school; and in walking along, I could not but indulge some mysterious ruminations.

Surely, said I, there is something very strange in all this? My efforts to

Be good,
seem to counteract my efforts to be
Happy!

At the time my good nurse told me the story, which I told to the boys, I remember it made me both weep and tremble; and I believe I never killed or injured a fly in my whole life; nay, I feel for the very brute that suffers to support me, and sometimes shed a tear to the necessity that condemns it to de-

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struction. My school-fellows, on the contrary; delight in slaughter, death, and massacre. I have seen them exert upon a bird, a bat, a wasp, or a worm, more tortures than I thought any thing that had life could support. I tell them it is cruel, and they treat me with derision; nay, several *grown up people* join the laugh against me, and say, that I was designed for a girl. I must write to my guardian on the subject—certainly,

To be good, must be to be happy.

And yet, how is it, that (though I do all the little good in my power) I am still miserable! How is it that on those days in which I only do no harm, I am less insulted than on those in which I harm, I am less insulted than on those

to

labour to do good. Yet, in one case, my merit is negative; in the other, actually agreeable to all that I have read in the Scriptures, and Spectators, and all that I have heard from the lips of my guardian. What a number of indignities have I already suffered, for the very things from which I expected happiness! It is very distressing, and I am determined to know the cause of it.

By this time I had got into a green lane, pretty near the house of my master; and turning my head aside, to see what occasioned a flouncing I heard close by me, I saw a creature hanging by the horns at the edge of the ditch; it was a sheep, either thrown there by some boys, or caught amongst the briars by chance. The poor creature was half smothered in the mud; at the price of a great deal of toil and dirt, I

disentangled the animal, but it was so weary with former efforts, that I had still to drag it from the ditch. I did so, and when it came out, it was difficult to tell, which was the more shocking spectacle; for it was one of those ditches, that (on account of its gloomy and humid situation) even the warmth of the summer could not dry up.

I sat by the creature till it recovered strength to stagger away, and I must own had no small inclination to carry it with my own hands into the next grass enclosure; but I desisted from this, because I thought I might trespass on the property of some one to whom the sheep did not belong: though I was now scarce fifteen, reading, thinking, and observation had taught me such habits of sentiment.

At

At this crisis, a man on horseback passed me, and seeing the sheep in such a condition, and me in as bad, suspected that I had been its tormentor; he said that I deserved to have the skin whipped over my ears: I should think so too, said I, if I had been guilty of so barbarous an action. Come, come, don't tell a lie into the bargain, you young rascal, that's worse than the other, said the man; and spreading the thong of his whip, hit me a violent blow in the face, that set my nose a bleeding, and rode on. And yet, while I was talking with this merciful man, I happened to cast my eye under the girth of his saddle, and found almost every vein in the horse, from one flank to the other, gushing with blood; his spurs, and the heel of his boot, were clogged.

Notwithstanding this treatment, I felt some pleasure in the rich reflection

of having rescued a dumb animal from misery; but my nose spouted so obstinately, that I was obliged to make the best of my way to the school; especially as I had been detained rather late by my adventure. The bird-nesters had returned before me, and they, with the rest of the scholars, were in the sitting-room with the master at supper.

I did not, till I entered the apartment, reflect, that my figure was at present likely to excite both ridicule and enquiry; but the moment I opened the door, the whole society were in an uproar; my face was covered with gore, my nose swelled with the lash of the whip, and my cloaths were of the same hue with the poor sheep's back. The master was so exasperated at the sight, that he would not hear a word about the story, but caned me severely for spoiling my things, made me a public example

ample before the very boys whom I had been advising to be tender-hearted; pushed me from his presence, and sent me supperless to bed.

My private meditations were not pleasant. I had no light to look into my Spectators, nor do I suppose I should have derived at that time any relief from them had it been sun-shine. I had no inclination for sleep, and yet got into bed; the bird-nesters came into my chamber, before they retired for the night into their own, and with an air of exultation, told me, *they* had rare sport, but supposed *I* had still better—called me raw-head and bloody-bones, and bade me good night.

After lying silent about three hours, Good God, cried I, for what have I been thus chastised, fretted, and insulted; is it for my benevolence? If

To be good is to be happy,

wherefore are all my best designs thus frustrated? The first rays of the morning light broke in upon my reflections. I arose, and taking out ink and paper, sat myself down at the window to write.

CHAP. XI.

I threw together an explicit account of my various sufferings, actions, and apprehensions; and sent them away to my guardian, as soon as I was allowed the privilege of walking again amongst my play-mates. The clergyman, to whom my father thought proper to leave the direction of his affairs, was as honest and inoffensive a priest as ever harangued from a pulpit. He was esteemed by his parishioners profoundly learned, insomuch, that scarce any business was done in the village without his knowledge. From his wisdom and friend-

friendship I expected great satisfaction, and anticipated the return of the post with all imaginable pleasure.

Anticipation of pleasure however is the very destruction of it. The returning post came, and brought me a BLACK SEAL. My guardian had died of an apoplexy, an hour after the receipt of my letter, which he was preparing to answer. I was summoned suddenly away to take possession of his papers, for the good man having no family, nor any connections which were dearer to him, than the son of the friend of his youth, had, in the fondness of his heart, made his last sentiments in my favour, and indeed left me sole executor. The suddenness of the circumstance at first stunned me. I put the letter of death into the hand of my master, begged he would suffer me to set out directly, and flung myself into a chair;

the tears came at last: I loved the deceased beyond expression. Without attending to what was said to me, I got into a chaise, and drove to * * *.

C H A P. X.

To young men of a ferious complexion, the chamber of death is inexpressibly terrible, especially when the body of a benefactor is extended on the bed. At a proper time, I trusted him to the bosom of the earth, with every mark of decency and affection: and at length I ventured to read over his will, and take account of his effects. My youth, and experience unfitting me for these affairs, I called in the assistance of an attorney, who resided at a market-town three miles from the village, who had indeed drawn up the testament for my guardian. To the judgment of
this

this gentleman, who bore a fair reputation, I trusted. Till he came indeed the house might very properly be termed an house of mourning, for a great concourse of sable looking people were crowding together into every room. The whole village was actually emptied into the vicarage: I found they came upon two distinct errands, to *condole*, and to *congratulate*. They were vastly sorry their good pastor was gone, but they were extremely glad that I was come, and heartily wished me many happy years. I returned them thanks for the latter part of their business, and wept with them for the first. The lawyer appeared. They fled. Mourners of this kind detest an attorney; perhaps because he knows them better than a raw school-boy. My house was cleared in a moment. It is not without very peculiar propriety I make use of the

word *cleared*, for I soon found that those very weepers and wailers were no other than some of *those* birds of prey, that watch the mortality of an human body, scent the carcase from afar, and, vulture like, immediately proceed to plunder. They cried indeed with their eyes, but not chusing to hold up an handkerchief to wipe them, their pickers and stealers were at liberty, to secrete certain portable moveables, which perhaps they might take a particular fancy to. Poor wretches, they did not know that

TO BE GOOD WAS TO BE HAPPY!

Upon inspection into matters, it appeared that the good clergyman had died worth three thousand pounds, besides his dwelling house (which he built), a large garden, a small paddock adjoining

adjoining his garden, and a considerable quantity of furniture. (His living fell again into the hands of the patron.) The whole of the above he had given to me, subjected to the payment of a small legacy of 100*l.* to a very distant relation, and twenty pounds to the poor of the village, to be distributed amongst the properest objects, on the second Sunday after his decease. By the will of my own father, it was requested, that my guardian would nominate a second in case of his own death during my infancy. This appointment my father neglected to do himself, perhaps because he wished to pay a compliment to the good clergyman. But being himself an hearty man, he had not made over the trust, and as he died suddenly, the sole disposal both of the fortune left by my father, and the fortune left by my guardian, came naturally

turally to my discretion. I expressed a surprize at this; the attorney said it was certainly an *oversight* in my guardian: we were both a good while silent. The lawyer submitted it to me, as an act of *prudence*, whether I would choose myself to appoint a trustee, till I came of age; and there was I remember an egotism in his looks, which seemed to ask me what I should think of *him* for that office? I told him I would take a day to deliberate upon it, and consult with him again.

C H A P. XI.

Now of all the things upon earth, I knew the least how to manage money, and yet I was in possession of near twenty thousand pounds, including the accumulated interest of the twelve thousand, left by my father. A thought came suddenly

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suddenly across me, which determined me at once. The power of a pleasant idea when the soul is gloomy, operates like an unexpected sun-beam, darting through 'an hemisphere of clouds; the sky and the face, the element and the whole machine of man, are in those cases equally bright and delightful: 'twas so with me. As I am now master of twenty thousand pounds, said I, I shall be able to make many of my *good* fellow-creatures *happy*. I will neither return to school, nor attend lethargic universities, but instantly step into life, and, mixing with mankind, indulge at once my curiosity, and my benevolence. Without more ado I wrote to the attorney, that I intended to travel, and should therefore want my ready money left by my guardian; and that, the sum which was already invested in the funds, might remain. The lawyer
did

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did not seem to like the measure, but, for the first time in my life, I ran the risque of disobliging another, to gratify myself: 'twas not perhaps strictly benevolent, yet as it was the first petulance I ever indulged, the idea of the error came softened upon my understanding. Happy had it been for me, if, instead of stepping into life, and putting money in my purse, I had sat quietly down in the chimney-corner, and, like the virtuoso in the comedy, travelled only in my Books.

Amongst the furniture of the house which now descended to me, was a small walnut-tree book-case, at the opening of which my foolish heart, bigotted to sentiment, leapt for pleasure: and it was a dearer treasure to my heart at *that time*, than all the money I had in the world. It contained the following books.

Some

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Some discourses of Jeremy Taylor.

Works of Thomas à Kempis.

Practice of Piety.

One volume of St. Chrysoftom.

The Tragedy of Cato.

Annotations on the Scriptures.

Quarles's Emblems.

Pilgrim's Progress.

Sermons, in 12 Volumes (selected.)

Prayers for Private Houses.

And

Drelincourt on Death.

To these were added, a collection of *ex officio* discourses in manuscript, with every passage of which, his parishioners were made repeatedly acquainted. I wanted extremely to read all the volumes in my possession, and would have begun the task directly, but for one of those interruptions which are immediately

ately attendant upon people in prosperity.

C H A P. XII.

I was now condemned to that sort of drudgery, which custom and complaisance have imposed upon men just stepped into a fortune. The gentry of the neighbourhood came upon the commerce of visitings; and the poor of my parish, and of all the parishes adjacent, were at my gate, upon the subject of charity. These were pickpockets of different kinds. At that time, however, I thought of them very differently; the rich I received with cordiality, and the poor did not go away empty-handed; and yet by some strange waywardness and perverseness of my stars, my ill-luck, or whatever else influenced the events of my life, I had never the
good

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good fortune to satisfy either the poor or the rich. Benevolence was still the motive, but felicity was not the effect. My heart was one of those, which might be supposed to reside in the breast of a stripling, impressed in the nursery with a sense of that great social duty, extending from earth to heaven; the duty which beginning with God, descends to *man*, and terminates in *brute*. With a natural inclination to gentleness, I soon acquired from the Bible and Spectators, an habit of *thinking*, as well as *feeling* right. Never indulging myself in those boyish feats, which sow in children the first fatal seeds of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude. I in some sort acquired a degree of primitive purity in my ideas, that carried me into that line of action, which I then thought the road to happiness, but I now perceive the certain path to indignity and disgrace.

disgrace*. With such a heart, and with such propensities and principles belonging to it, I loved all, thought well of all, embraced all. With the sad I sympathized, with the happy I exulted; and to such as had none to help them, (but he who bids the primrose spring modestly round my present retreat) I gave the comforts which even the œconomy of nature demanded. Perhaps no man was ever accoutred with weapons of worse defence, to struggle through the

* Having in this edition, been all along cautious to expunge whatever might stand the least possible chance of misleading the reader, I here again desire him to impute all sentiments like the above, to the unfortunate bias of Benignus, which inclined him to follow the worthy feelings of the heart, without the least regard to place, person, propriety, or analysis of his object; for want of observing which, he was good, without being always happy; i. e. he meant well, but acted indiscreetly.

warfare

warfare of life, than the principles and propensions I have mentioned.

After all the fretful labours of an active, though short existence, I am now writing the heads of my history, in the depth of an unfrequented forest. From man I have nothing to expect, since I have abjured his society—I am provided with water from the spring, and I have taken care to supply myself with stores which were brought to the skirts of the wood, by a mule whom I have now turned adrift to him that should find him. I eat but little, much still remains in my store-box; the tugs of heart, and strokes of anguish that I met in society, assure me, I shall not long continue alive in solitude. I have ascended the hill, and though I am yet but in the middle of man's life, I feel myself at the very verge of the declivity. The ravages of misery are even
greater

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greater than those of time. There is nothing in my sight but a few dumb domestics, which I have summoned together as the substitute of man, and to soothe me when the broken heart requires consolation: nor do I hear any thing in my forest but the innocent language, and animated variety, of such creatures as are formed to walk, or to wing the wood. The moment of fate, which must carry me from earth, cannot be long delayed. I am writing these passages of my life, under the immediate eye of a God, whom I expect shortly to see. I expect therefore, at the same time, that whenever my history is read, (if it be ever found) that the startling sentiments in this chapter, may be very particularly attended to; not condemned as the hasty effusions of a splenetic refugee, who (disappointed in his expectations) prefers the
society

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society of beast to man; but as a mournful *fact*, the force of which will always be felt in proportion to the reader's experience. If, however, my sentiments should still appear irreconcilable, as I confess they clash with most of the common systems of the age, let the objector *read on*; and he will find them exemplified in a future period of a narrative, written by the dying man.

C H A P. XIII.

The last chapter contains the assertion which I pronounced would startle a great many people, notwithstanding what has been advanced to corroborate it, in the former part of this manuscript. I have ventured to assert that, an extreme tender and good mind, *ardently* pursuing its propen-

propensities, is the most improper mind in the world to produce TERRESTRIAL felicity. Objectible as this may seem, I must take upon me (in the full enjoyment of a sound mind, and perfect memory) to push the point farther; and add, that in *nine* instances out of *ten*, those propensities, are utterly against him in *this* world; and often bring their master, to *discredit, poverty, and shame**.

The world will be up in arms against me, and my bones will be hunted for, and gibbeted. What!

Is not, to be good to be happy?

The answer is given in a sentence.

In this world, *generally* speaking,

* Where the agent is so rash, rambling, and irregular, as poor Benignus. For want of a disciplined, and stationary sober system of thinking, our hero, not only became miserable in himself, and the prey of others, but with the best heart in the world, was betrayed into arguments, sometimes subtle, sometimes sophistical, and often simple.

In

No.

Nor, in the world to come?

Yes.

Are not men therefore

To be good?

Yes.

Wherefore?

For the sake of God, and our conscience.

But is goodness then against our worldly interest?

Nine times out of ten.

Is not that the fault of God?

No.

Whose then?

Man's.

Impossible!

Suffer me to prove it.

READ ON.

C H A P. XIV.

And now arrived the Sunday on which the legacy of twenty pounds was to be divided amongst such objects as more immediately needed the benefit of the donation. After morning service, I had requested the clerk to summon all those mendicants into the vestry, which he knew to be particularly indigent and deserving. It is almost impossible to do things privately in a village: it was soon known to the whole parish, that the favour of their benefactor was on this day to be distributed, and accordingly the church was on this day crowded with more poor people than had been known there for many years.

Too many of them were led thither by the hand of hope rather than of religion. The money was divided by the
curate

curate of the next parish, who officiated at both that and my guardian's, since the death of the latter. He was an upright character, knew every inhabitant, and was therefore a proper person for such an office. The people assisted, went satisfied away, and I was truly of opinion, that

To be good, was to be happy.

At the porch of the church, as the curate, the clerk, and I were going home, we were intercepted by the sight of a pretty large multitude, every member of which seemed to be visited by all the afflictions of Lazarus. Lameness, blindness, filth, and nakedness, were here in the most formidable array: their numbers baffled computation, and every one's business appeared to be, how he could most effectually appeal to my

compassion. The hospital at Chelsea could scarce have produced such a congress of invalids. The clerk was for driving them away with his wand; I prevented this, and enquired for what they assembled. In the true key of complaint, they God-blessed my honour, and said, it was for *money*. The curate replied, the most needy were already relieved. The beggars displayed their tattered garments, lean looks, and imperfect limbs. I did not know what to do. The clerk bid them go home to their own parishes, for that they did not belong to us. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was empty; I bid them come to my gate within an hour; they came, and I desired the clerk to divide 20*l.* *more* among them, a sum which I very luckily happened to have in *half-crowns*, a kind of pieces which my guardian was always fond of hoarding.

ing. In ten minutes after the clerk disappeared, I heard a violent noise at my gate: the beggars, dissatisfied with his bounty, or rather with his manner of distribution, had all fallen upon him, and bruised the poor fellow unmercifully: they said the men in the vestry had right to no more money than they. They drove the clerk about till he was glad to find shelter in the house: I threw up the sash to expostulate; they muttered before my face, and upon the clerk threatening to have them set in the stocks, several of the most audacious of them, in token of defiance, broke my windows with pebble-stones. About eight o'clock in the evening another mortifying circumstance fell out; for the people in the yard having spent their respective modicums at the ale-house, to the great annoyance of many sober disposed people of the

G 3

parish,

parish, they at length sallied out in a body, and encountered the people of the vestry, by whom they esteemed themselves robbed of their right. A war of words (as usual) began the contest; a fierce and bloody battle ensued. The farmers left their houses to still the riot by authority, but they were obliged to retreat with many a broken head: the wives and daughters came next, and abused me for throwing away my money, and encouraging a set of lazy vermin, that did not *belong* to the parish. They said that I might be ashamed of myself for turning the sabbath day into a day of drunkenness, when every good body ought to have the *Testament* in their hands; and concluded by observing, that there did not use to be such goings-on in their poor dead minister's time; but indeed what better could

could be expected from a mad-brain harum-scarum bit of a *boy*.

This was but a bad prognostic of future felicity. I protest I meant all for the general satisfaction; twenty pounds were to be given to the poorest of the parish, and I took great pains to have the poorest selected and relieved: a party of necessitous creatures unexpectedly invited my charity; and, that no complaint of partiality might prevail either against the memory of my guardian, or against myself, I directed an equal quantity of money to be divided amongst those who were *not* included in the bequeathed bounty: the mercenary part of the mob made head against me; abused my agent, and struck the glass out of my windows: instead of carrying in their hands the comforts I had given them to their pining families, they steal into an ale-

house and pour the bounty down their throats; they next pick a quarrel with their fellow-labourers, break the sconces of their masters, and then, forsooth, Benignus is to bear the blame. I am always treated in this manner; 'twas just thus with me at school. I must some how or another have a strange method of going about benevolent actions, or I have peculiar ill luck—or else my ideas of happiness must be dreadfully confused*, or—or—

C H A P. XV.

The curate (who generally reserved all his language for his Sunday duty)

* Our Hero hath, in this single sentence, accounted for one main source of his infelicity. Confusion of ideas, enthusiasm of temper, and bounty of hand, without examining the character of the object benefited, are, through every part of his narrative, the constant stumbling blocks of poor Benignus.

was

was at this very time twirling round his band with one hand, and holding his pipe up to his mouth with the other; but feeling the wind attack him through the broken casement, he had entrenched himself behind a large screen, which extended from one end of the room to the other; not a word said he to the complaints either of widows, wives, husbands, or daughters; and yet rolled his eyes up and down, and seemed to listen to every body.

Doctor, said I, who could have supposed that from so innocent an action, such distressing consequences should arise—who would suppose it, I say?

Nobody, said the priest.

Might not one have reasonably expected to receive the thanks and tears, rather than the reproaches of these poor people?

Certainly, said the priest.

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Have you, my friend, ever met these hard returns?

Frequently, said the priest, shaking his head.

Don't they make you very unhappy?

No doubt, said the parson.

How do you get over them, doctor?

Smoke, said the priest, pointing to his pipe.

Is that a specific for the anxieties, which arise from ingrateful treatment?

I *never* smoke, doctor, have you no other remedy for me, more in the road of your profession?

Surely, said the priest.

Name it, my dear friend, for I am truly miserable.

PATIENCE, said the priest: if a man has patience, no crosses, nor any misfortunes, nor any accidents, nor any distresses, nor any—

The

The good priest was now set in for it. I drew my chair opposite to his, and hoped now for great improvement; the doctor took the pipe from his lips, a spark fell from it upon his leg. Patience sir, said the doctor, (exalting his voice) is that *blessed, beatific, divine, celestial*—zounds and the devil, cried the priest, I've scorched the calf of my leg to pieces. He rubbed the part affected, skipped about the room like a madman, threw the pipe in the fire, and ran out of the house.

Go thy way, said I; neither from thee nor thy patience will my perplexity be relieved. I unlocked my book-case, and read without intermission till twelve o'clock at night. The volumes were all set to the same tune: *Be good, and be happy; be happy, and be good.* I took up

Cato, and my bosom bounded when I came to this couplet,

'Tis not in mortals to *command* success;
But we'll do *more*, Sempronius—we'll *de-*
serve it.

I applied the sentiment to my own case; it fitted me to a hair. I repeated it over and over; and I admired it more at every repetition. The clerk knocked at my door, and told me that one of the drunken beggars, in staggering home, had tumbled into a ditch, and was drowned, and that a wife to a principal farmer was frightened into an untimely labour, and not expected to get over it. Honest man, replied I, I am heartily sorry, but how could I possibly help it? I meant *well*; the thing has fallen out *ill*. Remember Mr. Clerk, remember what the poet says,

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll de-
serve it.

Sem-

Sempronius, sir, said the clerk ! I don't know for that, but I tell you the fact. He walked off, and I believe suspected the sanity of my intellect.

C H A P. XVI.

I set in for a week's close reading ; 'twas still the same maxim, multiplied and modified into different expressions, through different volumes.

To be good is to be happy.

I was determined to try the virtue of the expression, beyond the limits of the village. I set out for London, and in that city I arrived in the sixteenth year of my age, after having desired the attorney to have an eye on my affairs at the village, during my absence. At
my

my first entrance into the metropolis, new sensations took root in my heart. Every street was full, every shop was busy, and every foot was in motion: this, said I, is certainly the place to bring every principle and every sentiment to the *test*.

I took up my lodging at the house of a gentlewoman to whom I was distantly related: she received me politely.

And now came on a train of trials, and a series of events, which shall be related as they recur to my memory.

But before I proceed to set down my transactions in the metropolis, it is impossible for me to pass a few circumstances, that fell out upon the road. The social turn of my temper made me prefer a journey in the stage, to the solitary luxury of going post. I had three miles to ride to the machine, in
 which

which my fellow-passengers were seated five minutes before I reached the inn: nor did this small delay pass unnoticed by the driver, who was rubbing his hands together and blowing his fingers upon account of the cold; declaring at the same time, that he had waited for me till his horses were starved to death. Notwithstanding which, he thought proper to ask for something to drink my health, thereby detaining us a quarter of an hour longer; then having given the ostler his perquisite, without which he would certainly have held the coach-door in his hand at least another quarter of an hour, we found ourselves in motion. My fellow-travellers were not only muffled by the darkness of the night, but were so enveloped in their great coats, that though (by the intermixture of legs) I supposed myself amongst human creatures, yet I received

no

no other assurances of the matter, till (after tossing for about five hours), we made a full sick stop to refresh ourselves with breakfast.

C H A P. XVII.

The house had as unfriendly an appearance as ever hung out to the eye of the traveller a signal of welcome, that is, in other words, an invitation for him to—spend his money. Not a creature was up, though every body knew the exact time in which the coach would come in. In a garret window, indeed, glimmered a melancholy candle; and after the coachman had smacked his whip about twenty times, and reinforced the reports by a pretty considerable number of oaths (peculiar to gentlemen of the whip) from that garret, with the
candle

candle between his fingers, came the hostler, rubbing his eyes, and crawling his way to the stable, rather by instinct, than a consciousness of knowing what he was about. About ten minutes after this, the trusty chambermaid (whose business was to have every thing in *readiness*, against the arrival of the coach) came blinking to the door like a buzzard, and conducted us to so dark, dismal, and damp a room, that had we requested the good man of the mansion to bestow the *charity* of a breakfast, our miserable carcases could not have been deposited in a more uncomfortable apartment. And now it was, that two of my fellow-passengers began to convince me they were capable of speaking, and speaking too upon the same subject; for they expressed the same complaint; insisting, it was a most shameful thing for travellers to be treated in
that

that manner upon the road; that if they expected a coach and six with my lord L—— or my lady M——, the whole house and stables would be illuminated, and, perhaps, half the village at the wheels to gape at their honours; but that people who jumble to town in a stage, and have a couple of hundred miles to go upon business, can neither get fire or candle in the first stage.

For my part, these things were *new* to me, and novelty renders even inconveniencies pleasing: I contented myself therefore with begging Mrs. Betty to bestir herself, and get us a dish of tea as expeditiously as she could. In a little time the faggot began to blaze, the kettle began to boil, and those little domestic comforts gradually made their appearance, which, removing our disappointments, put the company into a better humour; and soon we had time,
temper,

temper, and opportunity to contemplate the countenances of one another.

C H A P. XVIII.

Our society consisted of three persons besides myself, and all were men; one was dressed in a suit of plain light brown, with buttons of the same: the brims of his hat were of immense circumference, and there was a primitive nicety in the tie of his neck-cloth that spoke his character. Another had a suit of black, somewhat faded; and the third (who was habited in a coat of snuff-colour, with waistcoat and breeches of black velvet) had the air of a shop about him so palpable, that I could almost have sworn to his trade at the first glance. When the heart is happy and satisfied, the tongue is, generally, voluble

luble and communicative. About the third dish we exchanged civilities; when the fourth cup was pouring from the pot, we made advances to intimacy; and at the entrance of the second plate of toast; the genial spirit so increased upon us, that each knew of what the other was in pursuit. The man in black indeed was extremely reserved, said little, and sipped his tea, or rather played with his tea-spoon, as if he thought society an interruption. The gentleman in brown was of the number of people called quakers, travelling *upwards*, to attend a solemn meeting of *friends* upon the marriage of a preacher: the man in snuff colour, was an inhabitant of the market-town from whence we came, and was going to visit his daughter. The most difficult matter remained, and that was to disclose *my* business in the capital. I told them that mine was a
business

business of benevolence, and that I was actually upon the road to London in search of *happiness*. The passengers looked upon each other, and smiled, but every smile was different. The coachman came now to acquaint us our half hour was expired, and the horses were ready; and after passing through the usual ceremonies with the hostler (who insisted on his customary six-pence notwithstanding his idleness in being found *in bed*), and something for Mrs. Betty (for the trouble of rising up when she was *called*), we again set forward on our journey; as soon as we were pretty well settled, the quaker opened the conversation.

C H A P. XIX.

I could not help smiling, friend (said he, looking sagaciously at the broad
flaps

flaps of his beaver), to hear thee say thou wert journeying towards the great city, in search of happiness; and yet I, as well as thou, and these other good brethren at our side as well as we, and indeed all the fellow-men upon the earth, are engaged in the like *vain* pursuit; we are all travellers bound for the same place, though, peradventure, we take different roads thereto; and yet, such is the frail nature of the flesh, that we are for ever jogging onward, and shift about from place to place, dissatisfied with our road; disgusted with our journey, till we put off the *old man*, and reach the gloomy gate that leads to the *city of the Saviour*.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher wisely, *all* is vanity.

Here the quaker spread his chin upon his chest (upon which it descended to the fourth button of his waist-coat) and, twirling

twirling one thumb round the other with his fingers folded together, communed with the spirit about the vanity of searching for happiness in a world where happiness was not to be found.

Surely, sir, (said I) there is a great deal of happiness in the world notwithstanding this: the quaker groaned inwardly. Happiness! cried the grocer (for such was the calling of the man whose exteriors smelt so strong of the counter), happiness in the world, ay, certainly there is; I'll answer for that, and a great deal of happiness too. I am the happiest man upon earth myself; if any man says he's happier, I say he's—no matter for that—the quaker lifted up the ball of one eye to survey him.—I am worth five thousand pounds every morning I rise, ay, and more money. I have got every shilling by my own *industry*. I have a set of good customers

customers to my back ; my wife knows how to turn the penny in the shop, when I have a mind to smoke my pipe in the parlour ; and I make it a rule never to lend a six-pence, nor borrow a six-pence.

For what wert thou born, friend ? said the quaker, drily. Born ! why to live : Ay, and to die too, said the quaker. Pish ! replied the grocer, who does not know that ; but what does *that there* argufy, if I can but live merrily, and bring up my family honestly ; keep the wolf from the door, and pay every body their own ? I have only one child, and her I'm now going to see ; she's prentice to a mantua-maker in the city. If she behaves well, and marries to my thinking (and I have a *warm man* in my eye for her), why so---if she's headstrong, and thinks proper to please *her-self* rather than please *me*, why she may beg or starve for what I care.

Good

Good God ! (exclaimed I with vehemence) and is it possible? Don't swear interrupted the quaker, young man; then turning his head deliberately round towards the grocer; And so thou art very happy friend, art thou? Never was man more so, quoth the grocer; so that if you are looking for merriment and hearts-ease, come to the Sugar-loaf, I'm your man: here he begun to hum the sag end of a ballad---“ For who is so happy, so happy as I.” Thy sort of happiness, friend (returned the quaker), I shall never envy: thou art happy without either *grace* or *good works* to make thee so. Good works, said the grocer, what do you mean by that? I don't owe a penny in the world. I pay *lot* and *scot*; I go to church every other Sunday, and I never did a wrongful thing in my life. Thee may'st be very unserviceable in thy generation for

all that, said the quaker. I am afraid by thy own account, thou takest too much care in cherishing thy outward man, yet art slow to cherish thy poor brethren. Why in what pray does *thy* happiness consist? says the grocer archly. In turning the wanderer into the right way, rejoined the quaker; in feeding the hungry penitent with the *milk* of brotherly love, and in cloathing the naked soul with the comfortable *raiment* of righteousness. Pshaw! cries the grocer; you had better feed the poor devils with a pennyworth of my plums. How many pennyworths of plums may'st thou give away yearly in thy parish? (said the quaker). I tell thee, said the grocer, I never *pretend* to give away any thing; things are too dear, and taxes are too heavy for that: besides, about seventeen years ago, I was poor myself, and wanted a dinner as much

as

as any body; but I never found folk so ready to give *me* any thing—no, not so much as a bit of bread, not so much as *this*! snapping his fingers.

Surely (cried I, greatly agitated) that ought to be a strong argument to stimulate your *benevolence*. Benevolence, young man, said the quaker, is not confined to the mere act of throwing away money. I never give any *money* myself, but then I give store of *spiritual* food; I preach in the house and tabernacle of the Lord, and I travel far and near to bestow religious cordials of the spirit *gratis*. Whereas, *that* man, on the contrary, spendeth his substance amongst vain companions, or hoardeth it up to swell the pomps of the flesh; verily, I fear his transgressions are mighty. The quaker paused, and the grocer winked waggishly upon *me* with one eye, and kept looking ironically at

the quaker with the other. Here now (thought I) are too very opposite characters; the quaker, for aught I see, is as mercenary as the grocer, though their avarice is differently modified, according to the different prejudices of their education.

C H A P. XX.

Pray gentlemen give me leave to ask you a few questions, said I. Is not to be good to be happy? There can be no doubt of it, said the quaker. Is not benevolence the way to goodness? Certainly. Would not you then be happier, sir, if you were to add a few *corporeal* comforts to the *religious* consolations you bestow; for instance, if to the milk of brotherly love (which is perhaps a delicious diet for the soul)

you

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you were to add the wholesome milk of a cow, to satisfy the natural cravings of the body: and would it not increase *your* happiness, Mr. Grocer, if, not contented with the negative merit of having done no wrong, you would now and then condescend to do something absolutely good; such as bestowing, from the overflowings of your plenty, something to those which cannot but look up to your successful circumstances with a little envy: and suppose, instead of choosing for your daughter, you were, in a point so important to her, to leave the choice to herself. For my own part gentlemen, I have a good fortune, which I design to dedicate to the service of my fellow-creatures, and though I should be sorry to waste my bounty upon the undeserving, yet I had rather hazard *such* a mistake, than *not* indulge the liberal propensities of my

H. 3

heart.

heart. Thou talkest like a *young* man, said the quaker: I am sure he knows nothing of *trade*, said the grocer; and if you hold in that mind long, I'd lay ten to one you will not have six-pence to bless yourself. Benevolence, indeed! its very well to talk of in the pulpit, as master Holdfast says; and its very well in your history books, and your sermon books, but it won't do in the world, not at all. A man may give away all he has, and be never the nearer; people will only laugh at you, when all is said and done. While you have got money in your pocket to pay the butcher's bill, you may always have a hot dish every day, ay, and sauce into the bargain; but if you do all the good in the world, and come at last to want, you may pass by a whole market full of meat, and I'd lay ten to one, the man whom you set up in business will
hardly

hardly give you a marrow-bone. Here the quaker groaned bitterly; and the grocer taking a paper full of biscuits out of his pocket, eat away without offering to distribute his refreshment, and then proceeded.

C H A P. XXI.

You talk of benevolence, and goodness, and *such like*; for my part, as I said before, I never knew any thing but mischief come of any thing but trade. Now I'll tell you a story—at this instant a poor tattered wretch, with a bundle of thread-bare rags on his back, a wooden leg, half an hand, and a tenth of an eye, came stumping towards the coach, to solicit our commiseration. The driver no sooner beheld him rising from the bank on which he was resting, than, probably to save his

passengers the trouble of hearing a dismal story; he began to spirit up his horses, in that kind of language which defies spelling, and which the animals understand as perfectly as the greatest philologist in the world. It is a dialect peculiar to the stable, and not inserted in any dictionary extant. In this dialect the driver now harangued his steeds: and, as a convincing proof, they took the hint, we felt the wheels spring under us, by which means the poor lame fellow was soon thrown far behind, and the grocer declared it was very well done in the coachman, whom he should remember at the next stage *to dram* for his civility. The quaker observed, the highways and hedges were now so lined with vagrants, that sober people could not pass unmolested by such *naughty children* of hypocrisy; the person in brown put his hand as if involuntary,

upon

upon his breast, and sighed. Upon looking through the windows, I saw the poor beggar at a considerable distance, halting on his crutch, and giving up the pursuit in despair. The coach now arrived at the foot of a steep hill, and there stopt awhile, and the humane driver, (who had galloped away from his fellow-creature) came to acquaint us how much he would be obliged to us, and how charitable it would be, if our honours would please to walk up the hill, and give the poor jades a bit of a holiday. I ordered him immediately to open the door, and alighted; the gentleman in mourning did the same. The grocer swore he paid for horse-flesh, and would have it, that he would not stir a foot till he came to the dining-place; that he had walking enough at home, and that he would always have his pennyworth for his penny; adding,

he did design to wet the whistle of Mr. Whipcord, but that he would now put the money to a better use. The quaker bid the coachman shut the door, and proceed in his journey: the fellow muttered between his teeth, they were a couple of Hottentots, and did not know what belonged to a christian to behave in that manner to dumb creatures. He then conversed very pathetically with his horses, stroked them on the neck, and gradually gained the summit. By this time the lame man seeing the carriage make a dead stop, and gathering fresh hope, or perhaps urged by extreme hunger, approached within a few paces of us. I beckoned him to make the best of his way. He shook his head, as much as to say he apprehended the thing was not practicable. I went to him, but the asthma was so heavy on his lungs, and his

his breath was so laboriously exerted, that he could only testify his necessity by dropping on the only whole knee he had, and holding out his hat in his only whole hand. I put something in it, raised him up, and with some difficulty got him to the side of the coach, which had made a second pause, at the centre of the hill. He bowed to the gentleman in black who put six-pence into the hat, and dropt a tear into the bargain. I bid him to try his luck in the coach. The fellow looked into his hat, and a little suffusion of red, rambled over his cheek, as much as to say, he had been already nobly used. I insisted upon his paying his respects to my fellow-passengers. He did so: the grocer (seeing so much money in the hat) protested, that nothing could exceed his impudence, except the extravagant folly of those who had taken so much pains to

encourage a vagabond; that he had more in his hat than enough to set up a shop in the country, and that he ought to go home to his parish, and be whipped into workhouse; the quaker said, he was a naughty beggar, and desired he would move away from the vehicle. The poor man said nothing; there was no reproach in his eyes, but when he limped again towards us, to make a farewell bow, they were so full of tears, that he turned about as quickly as he decently could, to conceal them.

C H A P. XXII.

And now we were at the top of the hill (which was indeed one of the cloud-capt kind) and the coachman desired us to get in, as the Angel was hard by, where we should have the best attendance
upon

upon the road. A dispute now arose upon the subject of giving alms to common beggars; the quaker said they were ungodly brethren, and deserved no assistance, either spiritual or pecuniary: the grocer observed, that they always made him sick to look at them, and that if they were to hanker about the Sugar-loaf, he would dote them for a nuisance. The silent gentleman, for such he might be almost called; said, it was sometimes hard to tell, whether itinerant mendicants merited assistance or not; but when a poor wretch, without either limbs or cloaths, presented himself before the eye, there could be neither doubt nor difficulty in the case. Where there *is* doubt said I, I had rather run the risque of misplacing bounty, than by not *being* bountiful through a cool and political caution, and dread of being wrong. The grocer

closed.

closed the whole dissertation by that excellent and new observation, that charity begins at home, and that it behoved every man to take care of his family.

C H A P. XXIII.

The sign of the Angel, upon which the sunbeams were sporting, now displayed itself beside the road, and the coachman (delighted at the prospect, and resolving to impress us with proper notions of his dexterity) resounded the whip, and drove us upon the full trot to the door. After we had swallowed our meal, a fresh driver observed to us that as the road to the next stage was heavy and dragging, and that as it was winter time, (though in fact it was only the fall of the leaf) dark came upon us sooner than if it was summer. He concluded

cluded with hoping we would make haste. The grocer declared he did not like to be benighted, though he had nothing to lose, if he should be stopt. The quaker turned white, though his natural complexion was rosy; the gentleman in mourning said he was ready, and I—(holding out a glass to the driver, who tossed it off without any other testimony of gratitude, than scraping a dirty boot along the floor, for which the waiter cast an evil eye at him) led the way to the machine.

As soon as we got into the road, I reminded the grocer of his promise to oblige us with a story. He said he was but a bad hand at that sort of work, but that if we were inclined to hear the thing rough as it run, we might. I told him I should thankfully attend; the quaker nodded assent, and the grocer after once more assuring us he had

no

no knack at story-telling, and that Tim Slade, the exciseman, was twice a match for him, thus began :

Why, as I was going to tell you, there was young Bob Blewitt, of our parish, as fine a scholar, and as comely a man as you shall see 'twixt this and London. *He* was one of your benevolent chaps. One man he put into a farm, another he set up in a shop; another he gave a portion to marry; and to several fatherless, and motherless girls, he gave dowries. As to beggars, and sick folk, and such like, he sent them broth and broken victuals; to lying-in women, (whether they had been before parson or not) he sent bottles of wine, and possets, and potecaries; and at the end of town he purchased a piece of ground, upon which he built a bit of an hospital, which I think he called a cradle for old age, and people past labour.

bour. In short, and to come at once to the point without running round about my story—how confoundedly the coach jolts says the grocer, and what a d—d noise it makes; I can't hear myself—the quaker bid him not be profane. The silent gentleman pulled up one window, I pulled up the other. The grocer went on. In short, as I said before—whew, whew—whereabouts was I? At the hospital, said I? Ay, ay, right, continued the grocer; this hospital cost him a pretty round sum: he wanted indeed to build by subscription. No, no, said the gentry of the neighbourhood, that will bring all the vagrants of the country upon us, and we have poor enough of our own, and for them we have a workhouse. Mr. Blewitt said he did not mean to build a workhouse, but a comfortable—sylum, I think he called it; for such as can
work

work no longer. Howsomdever not a soufe could he get, only the old curate (who has five or six and twenty pounds per year) was fool enough to give five pounds towards the scheme. So Blewitt carried on his building alone, and cursed was the hour in which he dipped his fingers in mortar, and laid the first brick.

How so? said I, eagerly; sure this was rearing for himself a monument, which ascended (figuratively speaking) into heaven. I don't know for that; but figure or no figure, master Bob Blewitt cut but a bad figure in the end. In fine, you shall seldom hear of such a man; ever doing sommit for somebody or another. The upshot was, that he was teased from morning to night with beggars and impostors, and vagabonds, and bastards. One went with a sorrowful face to beg one thing; another,

ther, to beg another thing; in short, every body wanted something. Now you shall hear what come of this. Come of it, sir, said I, what could come of it, but congratulation of heart, and universal gratitude? The quaker began to hum, the grocer smiled, and the cheek of the gentleman in mourning was wet.

C H A P. XXIV.

Now mind (cried the grocer), mind what tricks were played upon the founder of the feast. The labourers pretended to be sick, that they might get food for nothing, so that the farmers could not get their field work done. Many people got into trouble, purpose that he should get them out again. The young forward hussies of the parish got big bellies, purpose that he should see the

the brats provided for, so that this made the justice grunt a little. He must needs put a large parcel of money into the hands of lawyer Limbo; every body knows him. I'd as soon build churches with my money, as trust he with it. Well, one night, off went master Limbo, and got beyond sea; and several other things, about the same time, ran crofs and crook'd with poor Bob, so that in short he found matters sadly altered.

Alas! said the gentleman in black, alas! I love and pity him.

I worship him, said I. I respect him said the quaker.

That's more than other folk did, rejoined the grocer. He was now next to pennylefs. As sure as you are alive he stayed till all was gone, and his bones came well nigh through his skin before he complained, and then he tried to borrow a trifle of folk he had made;
not

not a six-penny piece could he get in the parish. At length the old curate, after a deal of persuasion, prevailed on him to go and live with *him*, though the old fellow could scarcely buy a neck of mutton to make sabbath-day broth for himself.

But God, said the gentleman in mourning, will make him amends yet. He may be in heaven now for aught I know to the contrary, cried the grocer. I am sure of it, said I. Very like, proceeded the grocer, for he died about six weeks after this, and put the parish to the charge of opening the ground for him at last. Not a doit did he leave behind him, except a few old books and pictures; two old fashioned blackish coats, and a bit or two of a shirt: as to nonicals he could not afford they, and so he preached in farplus. As soon as he was buried and put into the grave,
which

which we thought Blewitt would never leave, affairs were worse than ever. Bob was as bad off as a beggar. The bettermost people lifted up their shoulders, and gave him a bit of dinner, first one, then another; and this they say hurt him, for at last the rich made no ceremonies, but bid him step down and get a morsel in *kitchen*. After this, he never held up his head; the poor folks said 'twas a thousand pities such a good gentleman should come to want: his kin told him 'twas just what they expected; his friends said he deserved it, and the world at first whispered, then openly declared, that nothing but a madman, or a person never brought up to any business, would have acted in that manner. Here the quaker groaned louder than ever, and holding up his hands as high as his shoulders, shook them in a horizontal descension,

till

till they fell again with great method and solemnity upon the flaps of his coat. The grocer began to yawn and stretch himself; and where think you, continued he,—gaping—where is Mr. Blewitt now—why in one of the dirtiest wards in his own hospital; seldom or ever sees any body—now and then crawls out at dead night and goes into churchyard to visit the grave of the old curate. Sometimes is quite *afide* himself; and is mashiated to a perfect ottomey: and all this is true as sure as you are in this coach.

C H A P. XXV.

How far are we come? said I hastily. The last stone, said the grocer, was sixty-six. I have a great mind to go back, replied I. I would give any money to see Mr. Blewitt; however, I
will

will not forget to send my compliments to so excellent a character. Ay, quoth the grocer, but while the grass grows—you understand me. Spare your reproof, sir, said I, no time shall be lost. Did he ever taste thy bounty friend? cried the quaker. Ay has he, many a time, said the grocer. I have given him the offal of plums, currants, raspins of a loaf, and such like. Dainty diet, returned the quaker, truly! I cannot express my anxiety for him, said I. Xiety, replied the benefactor of raspins; what signifies talking of that, stick to the main chance. Go to church, and hear good sermons, and read good books, and take good advice, and keep your money in the till, and put the key in your pocket, and keep yourself out of debt. But above all, mind this, neither lend a six-pence, nor borrow a six-pence, for that's the only way to

• live,

live, take my word for it. Here he finished, with the self-important air of a man, who, having the world before him, did not care six-pence for the interest of any person in it, except the concern he took in the welfare of *one* worthless individual, namely—*himself*.

Thy story, friend, said the quaker, is too exact a picture of this wicked world. I pray thee, young friend, have the fate of brother Blewitt in thy remembrance. If thou hast abundance, take care thereof, for no man knoweth what shall happen to-morrow; and I have myself seen strange things in my time.

The shadows of the night now prevailed over the day, and the light of some candles at a small distance, led me to suppose we were pretty near our destination for the evening. However, I was mistaken; the lights were in a village through which we were to pass,

and we had many a long mile to travel to the place of our repose.

C H A P. XXVI.

At length we reached our inn, where being shewn into a small but comfortable room, I proposed to order a supper. The quaker declared he never eat any; that, moreover, the frailty of his mortality weighed down his spirit, and he found himself inclined to slumber. So saying, he rang the bell for a candle, folded himself up in his surtout, and in less than ten minutes forgot, I doubt not, the fate of Mr. Blewitt, and even the holding forth, which he should give before the brother and sister, who became helpmates in the flesh, and yoke-fellows after God's holy ordinance. The grocer wished him a
good

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good night, protesting nevertheless, that for *his* part, supper was his best meal; upon which declaration I shall only observe, that if he meant to deposit more into his belly than he deposited at dinner, few people would choose to board him at the usual rates. The gentleman in black declined eating, but observed it would be right to order something. I declared that I had supped upon Mr. Blewitt. The grocer thought proper to shew his—*want* of wit upon this occasion: saying, it would (he believed) be no easy matter to make a meal out of poor Bob, as he was certain there was not an ounce of flesh upon his whole carcase: upon this fallacy (at which he laughed heartily), he applied to a bell which hung in the center of the room, and after the waiter had repeated the promise of Coming!—coming!—about ten times, he actually

made his entrance, and was as pert perpendicular an appearance as could be well conceived. The grocer ordered a most plentiful and solid banquet, wisely considering that, as the charges were to be divided into three equal shares, and as it was likely there would, in reality, be no great occasion for more than *one* knife and fork, which knife and fork would be nearest to the sides of his own plate, the expence, upon the whole, could not be greater to *himself* than if he had purchased *singly* a very moderate supper.

While the supper was dressing, I could not but take a review of the grocer, who, instead of drooping under the fatigues of his corpulence, or the lassitude which naturally succeeds a journey, was all hope, eagerness, and expectation. He began to handle the knife, called for a whet-stone, tucked a
towel

towel under his chin, smacked his lips in echo to the cork; bad us take notice of the straws in the bottle, and set the wine before the fire. In this situation he sat, and filled an elbow chair—as fine a figure for the pencil of Hogarth, or for Reynolds (if Reynolds chose to astonish in the *ludicrous*), as ever presented itself to the imagination of genius. He was a squat, thick, disproportioned, puffing rotundity; his face had that jolly plumpness, which buries every natural mark of meaning in greasy vacuity. In the middle of that face were set two eyes, which swam in a stupid fluid, that seemed to be a distillation from tallow; and at the bottom was a chin which unusually broadened from the *under* jaw downwards; so that instead of terminating in a peak, was rolled up at the bottom into a round pellet of flesh, under which hung those collops

that distinguish men of his habit. The thickness of his hands were by no means proportioned to their length, nor was there any space from the ear to the shoulder, for a cord, had it been his fate to be elevated: such was the personage that now waddled—I will not venture to say walked—into the kitchen, with a resolution to hasten the cook, for having waited near half an hour, he declared that if he stayed five minutes longer, he should out-wait his appetite, and then should not be able to eat a morsel; though he was, he must own, vastly fond of fish, loved roast fowl beyond any thing that was spitted, doated upon cold ham, admired veal-cutlets, had no objection to pigeon-pye, and thought minced veal very tolerable. He had not disappeared more than ten minutes before the kitchen was in an uproar, and the waiter came skipping into the

the room to acquaint us, that our friend would certainly be murdered, if we did not immediately carry him off. We bustled into the kitchen, which now presented a scene of caricature and confusion, so truly ridiculous, that it requires the pens of the immortal Fielding and Smollett to do it justice. It demands a chapter to itself.

C H A P. XXVII.

The grocer was standing in his shirt offering to box with the best in the place, the cook was brandishing the baster, the landlord was threatening to destroy the carcase of the grocer, an half-pay officer with one arm, was clapping our host upon the back, the house-dog held the grocer by the breeches, and the hostess was encouraging

raging Tiger to keep his hold. It was
 some time before we could learn the oc-
 casion of the fray, for the combatants
 rather grew more violent than tranquil,
 especially when the grocer ostentatiously
 swore that he could buy the whole
 house, and afterwards have more money
 to spare than any man in company.
 This touched the son of the sword,
 whose face became immediately *regi-*
mental, and marching up to the grocer,
 snapped his fingers against that promi-
 nent piece of flesh which nature had
 given him for a nose; and which, un-
 used to that rigid and soldier-like salu-
 tation, spouted a copious stream, which
 bepainted the prodigious breadth of
 linen which covered his carcase. The
 grocer however, by no means sickened
 at the sight of blood, but grew more
 sanguine in his resentment, for he now
 dashed his fists about like a fury—his
 blows

blows were indeed given at random, because he was obliged to hold his head down to prevent drinking his own blood. In one of these blows it happened, that his tremendous paw fell upon the jaws of the landlady, who catching him by the ear, overset his wig, and discovering a fat new-shorn pate, did so decorate it with the crimson marks of her delicate nails, that in less than three minutes, his head resembled a new ploughed field, only that the furrows were red instead of being earth-colour. The landlord had now an opportunity to reinforce his wife—the captain gave the word of command, Tiger roar'd out mainly in the midst, and the cook emptied the dripping pan upon the back of the miserable grocer, whose life was now so critically circumstanced, that had not the officer, by declaring the victory was completely gained, put an

end to the contention, he must assuredly have given up the ghost. This dreadful fracas (as is often the case) arose from a very trifling beginning: upon the grocer's entering the kitchen, he thought proper to assume the authority of a man of very considerable consequence, and began by acquainting the cook, that though he chose to travel in a stage, he was not to be trifled with, as he could pay for a coach and six if he thought fit, adding, he believed few that travelled the road knew better what good usage was. He then found fault with the cutlets, which he said were too thick and too red—complained that the fowl was an old hen, for that her legs were as well guarded as a fighting cock's, and that the fire was abundantly too fierce, and would scorch before it warmed through: upon this, he sallied to the salt-box, and was proceeding

ceeding to empty the contents upon the coals, when the landlady (though not an ill-tempered woman) thought her province of scolding her own servants so cruelly invaded that she desired him, in no very gentle voice, to desist; and on his refusing the request the host himself interposed, till at last the grocer (recollecting how well he had secured the *mainchance*, and taking from thence a pride of heart, which frequently emanates from a full purse), he told the landlord he was an ill-bred saucy rascal, and that he was a better man than ever stood in his house. This being a censure that involved every one present, the aforesaid harmless officer thought himself aggrieved, and approaching the grocer, chucked him under the chin; but unluckily the grocer's mouth being then opened by anger, those two ranges of bony fortification caught his tongue,

bottom

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till

ntill he almost sunk to the earth with the violence of the pain. And this it was that made him disrobe himself, and stand in the posture we at first found him; which, though heroic, was rather unfortunate, as somebody (in the hurry and heat of battle, perhaps to prevent their being made bloody) had moved off with his snuff-coloured coat, and black velvet waist-coast. The engagement was however at length over, and we led our champion (not indeed in triumph, but leaning upon the arm of me, and the gentleman in mourning) into the room, with such a burlesque alteration of figure, that benevolence itself must have smiled, as she pitied him.

The idea even of supper, was now his last idea; his first was that of water, to wash away his stains; his second, a bed to soothe his bruises. The landlady was now rather appeased, and permitted

mitted the chamberlain to shew the poor devil to bed, vowing, however, he would make him pay smartly for it in the morning. As soon as the grocer was gone, the gentleman in mourning observed, that people of low education, and little minds, were always capable of a silly ostensibility, that sooner or later brought them into disgrace. Having spent a few minutes more in contemplating the vanity of this odd and disgusting character, and promising to rise early to pursue our journey, we parted for the night.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Our rest was interrupted at the dawn. The quaker, however, complained that he was ill. The grocer was tolerably mended, but swore he would not stir a foot

foot till he recovered every thing he had lost, from the biscuits in his pocket, to the minutest hair in his peruke. As this message was brought us, a chaise and four, which had been travelling all night, came rattling into the yard, before which came two servants, and one was at the tail of it. The whole house, (early as it was,) got out of their beds, and hurried to the chaise-door; the bells rang as if the house was on fire, and his *honour* was serenaded into the best room, by about a dozen domestics. The gentleman in black said he knew the traveller. Heavens! said I, what a bustle is here about an individual indeed. Ay, sir, replied my friend, (for such I began to wish he was) there is an invariable rule for these things; a chaise and *pair* commands *attention*, a chaise and *four* enforces *homage*, but a chaise and *six* claims *adoration*. Nor is this

I

obedience

obedience paid so often to the personages within, as to the idea of the thing itself; we travel in a common stage; 'tis so mechanical a conveyance, that as the waiter and landlords expect little, they let us come in, and go out, as peaceably as if we were the passengers of a waggon. If we were to go post, we should be used in a different style, and 'tis ten to one if the postillions, (who have a vanity in sitting before their superiors,) do not transmit a lye from one to another, that we are princes incog. To tell you the truth (said I) I am heartily tired of my old companions, from whom I have already gained as much knowledge, as if I were to travel with them to the world's end, and for once (if you will bear me company) I will purchase a little attention upon the road, by performing the rest

of

of our journey in chaises. With all my heart, said the gentleman.

After drinking a glass of warm wine, and having taken leave of our former fellow-travellers, we got into a neat carriage, which rolled away briskly on the road to London; but not before we had run the gauntlet through a new set of impostors, and satisfied the demands of all those who hang round the wheels of an hackney chaise. At this additional charge, I expressed my surprise: Be not alarmed, replied the gentleman, but think yourself very well off, for if you had clapt another pair of horses to the carriage, the expectations of the servants would have been raised in proportion. Ay, and I can tell you, the person we saw step out of the chaise and four, paid something extra, for his gold binding upon the saddle-cloths, and even for the trimming upon his

his waistcoat; though that last circumstance has lost its pristine dignity in a great degree, since our barbers, taylor, and other crafts, have of late years *belaced* themselves from top to bottom, whenever they make an excursion into the country. Yet gold, either in or out of the pocket, will always have an influence. Then respect of this kind is really to be bought, said I. Not only of this kind, rejoined the gentleman, but of almost every other. The interchange of all ordinary civilities, is a mere verbal traffic, and as to compliments upon gay appearances, they are so extremely *marketable*, that the bargain and sale at Smithfield is not more in the *way of business*.

C H A P. XXIX.

Whenever the gentleman in black spoke, there was so much serenity and good sense in his remarks, shaded, and as it were softened by some latent anxiety, that I own my curiosity was extremely excited to know more about him. His person was tall and spare; his complexion extremely pale, and somewhat tinged with a faintish yellow: there was a pathetic pensive cast in his eyes, that rather denoted the languors of incessant uneasiness, than the deadness of dissipation; and the ruins of a smile, which appeared to be *constitutional*, gave a philanthropy to his face, which defied the depredations of sorrow and time.

The sun now had risen above the clouds, and promised us an agreeable day;

day, and the face of nature, even in the decline of the year, appeared bright and beautiful. There are few calamities so great, and few fates so severe as to leave us totally insensible to the magic of a fine morning. A warm sun, a clear sky, the charm of vegetation, the melody amongst the branches, the refreshment from the night's repose, and the prospects of surrounding plenty, are sufficient to relax the woe of the most *melancholy* traveller. Such were their force at present, that every feature of my companion underwent a cheerful alteration. He always spoke *before* in a plaintive voice, but (as he now bid me observe how fortunate we were in our weather,) there was a degree of *that* sort of pleasure in his accent, which appears to be inspired by any sudden satisfaction of the heart. I improved this humour by turning our discourse

10 into

into an entertaining channel: and it will be soon seen that this gentleman (whose name I found to be Greaves) was master of every subject, had thought *much* and *rightly*, and had contemplated every point deserving contemplation, with an accuracy, a taste, and an elegance, peculiar to men which have caught instruction from lessons of life, a sober exercise of the understanding, and a judicious course of study.

CHAP. XXX.

The satisfaction, sir, said I, that I feel, from our favourable weather, is much heightened by finding myself relieved from the nonsense of my former companions, pray what do you think of them? I think of them, replied Mr. Greaves, as of men, possessing *that* kind of

of knowledge, which confers a happiness suited to the coarseness, and I had almost said—to the invulnerableness of their feelings. Each is happy according to the habits of his life:

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt in all.
Each happy in his own, &c. &c.

But you have read Mr. Pope. In short, sir, the grocer and quaker are a flesh, and by no means a weak instance, of a great truth, I have long maintained, say, and at the expence of many a warm argument.

Pray what is it? Why, simply this,
Education is all in all.

I scarce

I scarce compre—Give me leave, sir, said Mr. Greaves, putting his two fore-fingers lightly on my breast. I have seen this world (and that is a bold word to say) from top to bottom; and have now past upwards of forty-three years, I might have said forty-six, in a situation which threw me at different periods amongst all ranks of people. The result of my whole experience is this—but my meaning is so prettily expressed by one of our present dramatic poets, that, though I am no friend in general to quotations, I cannot in this case resist it. It is in the sentimental play of Zara; to the best of my memory these are the words, which are intended as an apology for apostacy:

“ I see too plainly, custom forms us all:
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd
belief,
Are consequences of our place of birth:

Born

Born beyond Ganges—I had been a *Pagan*;
 In France a *Christian*—I am here a *Saracen*.
 'Tis but instruction all! Our parent's hand
 Writes on our hearts the first faint characters,
 Which time retracing, deepens into strength
 That nothing can efface, but death, or heav'n."

In these lines there is not more poetry
 than truth, and truth which extends
 from pole to pole. A mind unaccustomed
 to remark, or inexperienced in life,
 cannot readily conceive how surprisingly
all, or to speak modestly, *most* people
 are influenced by common custom and
 early instruction. It is indeed a pro-
 verb with us, a proverb in every
 mouth, that "use is second nature,"
 few search farther into this matter, than
 just to repeat the *expression*, and there
 leave it. Every one knows and feels
 the fact, and that is sufficient to evi-
 dence its universality: but I, who have
 occasionally delighted in philosophic
 studies,

studies, and particularly in clearing truth from the abominable rubbish of several antiquated axioms, have taken some pains; but they soon became extremely pleasing: to trace the point, contained in the lines I have just spoken, very minutely; and, from the closest, and the coolest investigation I am led to believe, that an infinite quantity of that which passes in the world for vice and virtue—observe I speak not of *natural* good or evil—is totally the operation of habit, the consequence of custom, or the result of education. I have, indeed, somewhat misplaced them. The first should be last; for education impresses upon us a peculiar modus, or system of thinking—that system is, generally conformable to the bigoted customs of a country, and those customs, naturally, and almost necessarily slide into established habits, which, for the most

most part, cling closely to us, till they are torn away by the disembracing grasp of death.

C H A P. XXXI.

I am quite a child, sir, said I, in such speculations: I cannot clearly—

I will endeavour to explain myself, rejoined the gentleman, with great good-nature.

Mr. Pope observes that, as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. How beautiful and how justly, was it said? The colour of our future fortune greatly depends upon a few *slight* circumstances, that attend us in our *nursery*—exceptions you know are admitted. But, pray, call to mind your friends; some are in business, others are trained to pleasure.

But let us take the trouble of personifying, let us imagine an instance. Suppose then, a child born under every favourable event of temporal prosperity; the father rich, and the mother beautiful: its cradle is soft and downy, its pap is made of the whitest bread; and every accommodation that the little stranger demands, is furnished with the most pompous parade, and in the highest perfection. It will not be long before these *softnesses* will have so great an influence upon the body, that the infant must imbibe from these blessings, an idea of luxury. This idea will be constantly recurring, and every day's illustration of the points which first produced it, will expand upon the imagination, which, like the passions and appetites, is no foe to delicacies. Voluptuous images thus associated, are easily admitted into the young heart, and every thing

thing that did not correspond with those images, would in proportion, be rejected. Accustomed to the light and spacious apartments, he would not venture into a dark passage without his nurse or governante.

Suppose, on the other hand, a child, the offspring of laborious and indigent parents; its birth is effected upon the straw, or on sacking without curtains; the wind blows hard through the casement; the mother lies down contented with her small-beer caudle, and on the third or fourth day, she is up, and dandling the babe upon her knee, or dancing it in her arms.

The mother of the other, meanwhile, is gradually recovering from the pains of labour, upon a couch of down; stops up every crevice of air, "lest the breeze of heaven should visit her too roughly." Dare not rise till she is sufficiently

ficiently *weakened* by the forms of a fashionable *lying-in*, as it is in this case emphatically called; and at last, after much effort, and more ceremony, she ventures abroad, on some auspicious, sun-shiny day, under the fortification of cloaks, hoods, and handkerchiefs, just to *take an airing*, with the glasses of her carriage drawn up, and then returns to her chamber, shivering at those gales, which fan the face of the poor woman, who inhales them as the most natural restoratives of health and beauty.

About the time that the *rich child* begins to know the delicacy of its condition, the *poor* one would find itself promising and hardy, and in some degree inured to the storms of life. Let them be at this period each five years old; the one has acquired a sensation of softness, the other an habit of hardiness. Suppose then, about this time, it were possible

possible for them to *change* situations. The pennyless lad shall go into the warm villa, the rich stripling into the cold cottage;—what would be the consequence? Exactly the same as if the two *mothers* and *fathers* were to exchange. All would be distress, dilemma, confusion, and awkwardness: the pampered youth would croud over the wretched bit of a blaze made by two sticks; laid across a brick; and the lad who was bred in a tempest, and seasoned to wind and weather, would very probably toss his plaything against the fine sash-window to let in the air, and prevent suffocation.

Thus far I have spoken with respect to the influence of early habits upon the *body*. Let us now see what effect they have upon the mind. The connexion betwixt our *mortal* and *immortal* part, is far closer than betwixt man and

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wife. Nothing can befall the one, that is indifferent to the other: sympathy implanted by nature is powerfully reciprocated; and the tie is at once tender, and forcible. Consequently, the minds of those two boys, must be affected very sensibly by their respective *educations* and *customs*. As they grow up, those customs will so strengthen, that nothing but "*death, or heaven*" can reconcile them to an innovation, either in thought, word, or deed. The *poor* boy, having heard nothing but unpolished language, eat nothing but coarse food, and passed his day amongst clowns, and cattle, will continue in the track, and if, by any *unlucky* stroke of chance, he is called to new pursuits, his misery must be dated from the day in which he deserted the spade, the ploughshare, or the flail.

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The *rich* boy, in the mean time, rises into man, amidst the clash of carriages, the comfort of couches, and the luxuries of laziness. His ears are accustomed to music, fashion, and flattery; his eyes are daily charmed with objects of dissipation or delight. No possible accident could be more fatal to his peace, than a sudden deprivation of these pleasures. Take him again into the hut, he finds himself like a fish upon land, out of his element: the greatest transports of the peasant, are to him agony, and every thing around, and within him, is as strange as if he had stepped into a new world. Why is all this?—Merely because they have been *taught* to think, and feel, and act differently. On the other hand—but I must tire you, sir—

I am concerned, returned I, Mr. Greaves should think an apology ne-

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cessary for bestowing upon me the greatest pleasure upon earth.

Mr. Greaves paused a little, bowed, and proceeded.

C H A P. XXXII.

The ardour of your sentiments, sir, becomes your age, and I am pleased with your compliment, because I perceive it is the effervescence of a sincere heart—I was going to say, that if—but we will proceed to our more familiar illustrations!—Imagine that when these children were five weeks old, the mother of the poorest, reduced to extreme necessity, puts her infant in a basket, and lays it at the door of a person equally celebrated for wealth and benevolence—the gentleman takes it into his house, clothes, feeds, and educates it as his own
---that

---that very infant which with the *parent* would be the lout I have described, would with its *protector* be as different a creature as could exist. His pains, passions, pleasures, and ideas, totally *reversed*--imagine likewise that some gypsey steals, or kidnaps, as it is called, the rich child from the cradle, and strolls with it up and down the country : it will have its education in the open air, its lodging in a barn, and its dirty diet under a hedge. Probably it will imbibe the craft and subtlety of the gypsey, and limit its utmost ambition to trick the traveller out of sixpence, cross the palm with silver, and tell the events which *have* happened (or are still to be brought forward) by the *line of life*. Thus, in every other instance, (with a few peculiar exceptions, that have nothing to do with general rules),

habit and *education* form the mind, and colour the human character.---

But how does this influence, what we call virtue and vice? said I---Virtue and vice, (rejoin'd the gentleman), are as dependent upon external as internal circumstances: they are properties not more hereditary than adventitious and artificial; nor do they issue more from the heart than from habit.---You astonish me, I replied.---You are now (cried he), at the period of human life, when curiosity is *often* caught in surprizes. Experience will teach you to hear what now seems strange, without emotion. I have said nothing but what will too soon be intelligible.---

Pray go on, sir---pray go on---

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIII.

—There are, doubtless—resumed the gentleman—some constitutions so adapted by nature to virtue, that no troubles, situations, or temptations, can subdue, or extirpate, their amiable propensities——but *ninety-nine* times out of a *hundred*, a character takes its bias and bearing from mere tuition, and the line it is either led or thrown into, in the first stage of the human journey. If there are *no* innate ideas, sir, it follows that the mind of every new-born babe is equally pure---If there *are* those infantine seeds of the understanding and little embryos of intellect---they are easily turned into what channel the parent thinks proper---so that I cannot but think the father of a family one of the most awful charges upon earth:

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“ — our

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“ ——— our parent's hand
Writes on our hearts the first faint characters,
Which time retracing deepens into strength.”

After which,

Nothing can efface them, but death or heaven.

Yet we behold, said I, many children unlike their parents, both good and bad. It is admitted, said Mr. Greaves: yet you will, at the same time, observe, where the notions of parents and children are dissimilar, the dissimilitude arises rather from difference of ages, or improper culture, than any thing else; in general children are not liker in features than habits, and I do assure you family-*minds* are as often transmitted as family-*faces*. There is a tractability in youth which receives like snow, every impression—and it is almost as difficult to erase the impression of one as the other: nothing but heaven can effect it.—

it.---If a son is trained up early to decency of manners, and has the example of dignity living and moving before his eyes (unless his temper is particularly untoward) he will turn out an elegant character---If he is trained up in different principles, he will act accordingly.

—The Hoyden and the Prude, amongst the other sex, take not their tint of character one time in ten from nature, but from a neglect early to give them a proper idea of deportment. But yet, said I, very sedate women have romping, runaway daughters, and very prudent fathers have very perverse sons.—

I mean, (replied Mr. Greaves), to say no more than this, that, generally speaking, men and women act and think as they are taught whilst they are only able to lisp out their meaning—that education will have some influence on the most abandoned; and that, upon

the

the whole, virtue and vice depend very essentially on our primary sentiments and examples; which, whether good or ill, will externally attend us in some measure, through all possible transitions from the time we leave our cradles, to the time we shall be deposited in our coffins—If I have not wearied you, we will *now* see how far habit, influences our judgments in the great and important article of *reputation*.

C H A P. XXXIV.

I listen to you, sir, (said I) with joy, and only lament that I am contributing to your fatigue, at the time that I am receiving such a fund of entertainment.

—Habit, my young friend, said the gentleman, operates with equal energy

energy upon man and beast. I could easily produce evidences of the fact, by casting an eye upon the very horses now engaged in the dutiful drudgery of dragging us along, and upon the herds and flocks which are grazing or sporting beside us: but we will confine ourselves to our own species, which are certainly the most interesting objects of speculation. I was about to observe, that Custom has much to do with our characters. There are certain actions, so naturally and palpably, good, or evil, that neither sophistry, nor slander, nor address, can either injure, mend, or mar them. To question the light at noon day, or the dark in the zenith of the night, would argue a malady beyond madness: so in like manner to dispute, whether downright wickedness is wickedness, and evident excellence is excellence, would be a lunacy in ethics,

so

so absurd, that the poetical frenzy of poor Lee would be cool argument to it —on the other hand, my good sir, if you live and mix long with mankind, you will find many of your fellow-creatures, pining away existence under the lashes,—the bleeding lashes of reproach, merely because it is the *custom* to call one thing right and another wrong, without tracing either to the bottom. It is a maxim that the Vox Populi, is the Vox Dei—that (as you know it is translated) “ what every body says must “ be true.” I know nothing so deserving refutation as a collection of those old saws and proverbs, which, acquiring force from antiquity, and estimation from rust—for there are virtuosos in letters, as well as in coins—are at length considered as utterly incontestible. Now, certain I am, that upon an examination into those very maxims

we put so much credit in, some will turn out futile, some disputable, and many unfaithful—for minute scrutinies we have not time: it will be sufficient to look into *that* I have just mentioned, and there is none more implicitly believed. “What every body says must be true.”—I have myself seen many instances to disprove this; but I shall beg your acceptance of one which is now uppermost in my memory.—A young gentleman of my particular acquaintance, has for some time been deserted by his old companions, and branded as a man of unsteady principles, whose heart I know to abound with all those sensibilities which have hurried him as it were into the vortex of liberality, till he is become an object of liberality himself. He has those glowing feelings, and sentiments, which do at once honour and service, to human

man

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man nature: notwithstanding which, like poor Mr. Blewitt (whose history was recited by the grocer) embarrassments have beset him, and the world sets him down an *undone* man. The world gets hold of a prejudice, and then it is called Vox Dei. The Vox Populi, is given as the sentiment of *every-body*, and thus many reputations are mistaken and misrepresented, which deserve a better fate. There are various persons likewise now particularly reprobated for a few indelicate concessions, to which necessity may, in violence of their better judgments, have constrained them to yield, who (had they possessed happier circumstances) would have made a much more respectable figure than those which now mark them with infamy. Many an unfortunate female too, at this time wandering up and down the streets—many an insulted
and

and deserving character—But I am rambling too miscellaneously—I feel myself a little weary—Heigho—

Here the gentleman stopped abruptly—His countenance became suddenly clouded—his lip quivered—his eye remained fixed; and clasping his hands forcibly together, he at length burst into tears.—After he a little recovered himself—he caught me hold by the arm, and exclaimed—Oh! sir—my daughter! my daughter!—my Almeria!

C H A P. XXXV.

I am now composed, my young friend—the idea of a domestic misfortune obtruded itself upon me, and I could not help feeling the stroke of humanity—of nature, and a father—Heaven! cried I,—you distract me. I was about

to

to take notice, replied Mr. Greaves—
 of *one* cruelty in the Vox Populi, which
 is certainly against every notion of the
 Vox Dei. 'Tis the custom, sir, to
 abandon the weakest part of our species,
 for *that* ruin which the artifices of our
 sex have perpetrated; nor can any fu-
 ture repentance remove the sense of their
 error, or restore them to the bosoms of
 more fortunate women:

“ They set like stars to rise no more.”—

I had a wife, sir, with whom I have
 mourned many years,—though I buried
 her but six weeks ago—She died of a
 broken heart, and there was, I assure
 you,—a woe in the family big enough
 to break it.—About eleven years ago,
 sir, an only child was taken from me
 —I was robbed of her by a man whom
 I held the nearest to my heart—and for
 five

five years it has been my incessant business to recover my darling, but in vain. My wife fell into a deep and rapid consumption, and I was obliged to reside with her in the country—She grew worse and weaker every hour—but two days before she resigned her last breath—we received (by a special messenger) a packet—how shall I speak it—from—from my beloved—misguided—repenting wanderer!—The poor thing had (the better to persuade) thrown the pathetic parts of her story into poetry.—But that which delighted me more—far more—than all the rest—and which would have more magic for a parent's heart, than the poetry of a Milton—was an attested account from a man of reputation, that my child was actually at last under the protection of that noble institution which offers an asylum to insulted penitence. In the
first

first transport, I could not conceal the news from my wife, but she had only power to press the paper, trembling to her bosom, and feebly lifted up her eyes to heaven—the rest—you must spare me, sir, upon the tender subject—she is dead!—she is in heaven!—

The poor gentleman covered his face in his handkerchief, and I have no words to describe my own feelings.—

C H A P. XXXVI.

—When Mr. Greaves could again lift up his head—he told me, that having trusted to the ground the remains of his wife, he was now going to visit his long-lost daughter, who was in—he stopt—and I was unwilling to enlarge upon the subject, though I desired most ardently to see the poetry he spoke of.—But for the present we dropt
matter,

the matter, and a profound silence ensued till we again changed horses. At last, however, Mr. Greaves perceiving my anxiety, and guessing the cause, put his hand into his pocket, and produced a small bundle of papers, fastened by a piece of red tape—from these he took a manuscript, of which he thus declared his intentions, as he held it in his hand.

Here it is—here is that unhappy girl—my poor Almeria's petition—read it, young gentleman—read it, and pity the daughter—and the father.—If it should particularly strike you, take a copy, and if you continue long in London, perhaps you may see it in print—If you should not, and you should chance to survive me, (as it is most probable you will) — publish it — and at the same time, publish with it this *Letter of Gratitude*—there are reasons

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reasons why—I would not chuse (being but too much interested in the contents) to appear in the business—take it therefore, and give it to the world at your best leisure—There, sir,—it were improper to suppress it—perhaps it may fall into the hands of the young and dissipated—perhaps it may find its way into the closets of the chaste and beautiful—The libertine may snatch it up in the intervals of his gay career; and the parent, afflicted by the loss of *his* child, may be induced to read it from affection and curiosity—In all, or in any of these cases, it will afford some salutary reflections, and the heart, the conscience, and the understanding will point them out immediately—He put the paper into my hand—I reminded him of the pleasing prospect of seeing his restored daughter—He did not seem insensible of my wishes to dissipate his melancholy, but
said

said nothing—As I knew it must be some time before he could collect himself, and perceiving he began to close his eyes, as if he desired silence, I left him to his reflections (which it would have been impertinent to interrupt after the hint he had given me) and began to open my papers, which melted me so many times into tears during the perusal, that I was heartily glad the poor gentleman *affected* slumber.—As I have now had the performance so long by me, I shall set it down in my journal in this place, where (though it somewhat interferes with my further connection with Mr. Greaves) it properly belongs, because I would not disjoint the subject from the sentiments which introduced it to my knowledge—So that if ever my history is found, the history of this unhappy lady will be found with it; and in publishing an age, they can fall

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into few hands, which will not send them to the press.

C H A P. XXXVII.

The *Letter of Gratitude* directly follows; and was, I believe, designed as a short dedication to the work. It was written by the father.

To

THE REVEREND

* — * * — * * — *

S I R,

To whom should the penitent daughter address the sentiments of reformation but to him who has had the greatest share in promoting it?—To whom should the father (who hence derives the
felicity

felicity of his last moments) pay the tribute of gratitude, but to that fountain from whence he traces his blessings to their source? — The restored ALMERIA, sir, attributes to the force of your arguments, and to the tenderness of your admonitions, much of that abhorrence for vice, and dignity of amendment, that now inspire her. There are hundreds of daughters, no doubt, under the same obligation, and hundreds of fathers whose prayers and tears repay you for it. For this—I had almost said—heavenly eloquence, may you long be distinguished, and may you bestow thereby, upon many other parents (now mourning for their children), the serenity and the hope which has been conferred upon

THE FATHER OF ALMERIA.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

A. L M E R I A;

O R,

T H E P E N I T E N T.

Being a Genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate
Daughter in ———, to her Family, in the
Country.

WITHDRAWN from all temptations
that entice,

The frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice,
From all that can inspire unchaste delight,
To my dear-bleeding family I write;
But oh! my pen the tender task denies;
And all the daughter rushes to my eyes.
Oft as the paper to my hand I brought,
My hand still trembl'd at the shock of thought
Sighs interrupt the story of my woe,
My blushes burn me, and my tears overflow;
But nature now insists upon her claim,
Strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame:
No

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 221

No more the anxious wish can I restrain,
 Silent no longer can your child remain ;
 Write, write, I must, each hope, each fear,
 declare,

And try, once more, to win a father's care :
 Scorn not, ah scorn not then, the mournful verse,
 Revive my blessing, and recall my curse ;
 Give to a daughter's wrongs, one parent-sigh,
 Nor let a mother my *last* prayer deny.

Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin,
 And where conclude the narrative of sin ?
 How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose,
 Unload my breast, and open all its woes ?
 How, to an injured parent, shall I tell
 The arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell ?
 No common language can the scenes express,
 Where every line should mark extreme distress ;
 Mere human words, unequal all, we find
 To paint the feelings of a wounded mind :
 'Tis not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art,
 Nor the wild genius of a vacant heart,
 'Tis not the lines that musically flow
 To mark the poet's well—imagin'd woe ;

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Nor all the frolicks of the tuneful tribe,
Can such a mighty grief as *mine* describe.

Full oft has scorpion FANCY to my view
Imag'd each anguish that a parent knew;
At midnight's still and searching hour she came,
Glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with
shame,

Crouded each black idea in my sight,
And gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night.

“ Behold,—she said,—on the damp bed of
earth,

Behold th' unhappy man, who gave thee birth;
In dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd-hair,

And on each muscle sits intense despair;

See how the passions vary in his face,

Tear his old frame, and testify disgrace;

Retir'd from home, in silence to complain

To the pale moon, the veteran tells his pain;

Now sinks oppress'd, now sudden starts away,

Abhors the night, yet sickens at the day.

And see, thou guilty daughter! see, and mourn

The whelming grief that waits the fire's return!

Beneath some black'ning yew's sepulchral
gloom,

Where pensive Sorrow seems to court the tomb,

Where

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 223

Where tenfold shades repel the light of day,
 And ghostly footsteps seem to press the way,
 Bent to the ground by mis'ry, and by years,
 There view thy bleeding mother bath'd in tears;
 Her look disorder'd, and her air all wild,
 She beats the breast that fed a worthless child:
 And oh! she cries—

Oh had the fostering milk to poison turn'd,
 Some ague shiver'd, or some fever burn'd;
 Had death befriended on the fatal morn,
 In which these eyes beheld a daughter born;
 Or, had th' ETERNAL seal'd its eyes in night,
 Ere it the barrier knew 'twixt wrong and right,
 Then had these curses ne'er assail'd my head—
 Why spring such torments from a lawful bed!—
 Now, melted, soften'd, gentler she complains,
 Rage ebbs away, the tide of love remains:
 Then how th' affecting tears each other trace,
 Down the dear furrows of her matron face;
 But still the anxious mother brings to light,
 Scenes of past joy, and innocent delight;
 Calls to remembrance each *infantine* bliss,
 The cradle's rapture, and the baby's kiss;

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Each throbbing hope, that caught th' embrace
sincere,

With ev'ry joy that rose in ev'ry tear ;
The beauteous prospect brightning every day,
The father's fondling, and the mother's play.

Yet soon she finds again the sad reverse,
Till harrafs'd nature sinks beneath its curse ;
Again more fierce—more mad she rends her
frame,

And loudly brands Almeria with her shame !"
Here paus'd, and shrunk, the VISION from
my view,

But *Conscience* colour'd, as the shade withdrew :
Pierc'd to the heart, in agony I lay,
And all confusion, rose, with rising day.

But ah ! what hope could morning bring to me,
What, but the mournful privilege, to *see*,
To view the pleasures which I could not share,
And waste the day in solitude and care ?
More clearly shone the sun on my disgrace,
And mark'd *more plain* the blushes on my face.

Then all enrag'd I curs'd the abandon'd hour
When honour yielded to the traitor's pow'r,
When rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of truth,
In all the mad simplicity of youth :

When

When from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd,
 And left a mother's tenderness unpaid;
 While nature, duty, precept, all combin'd
 To fix obedience on the plastic mind.

Stung at the thought each vengeance I
 design'd,

And weary'd heav'n to desecrate mankind;
 From room to room distractedly I ran,
 The scorn of woman, and the dupe of man;

Alcanor, curst Alcanor! first I sought
 (And as I pass'd a fatal dagger caught)

The smiling villain soon, my Fury, found,
 Struck at his heart, and triumph'd in the wound:

"A ruin'd woman—gives—(I cried) the
 stroke!"—

He reel'd, he fell, he fainted as I spoke.

But soon as human blood began to flow,

Soon as it gush'd, obedient to the blow,

Soon as the ruddy stream his cheek forsook,

And death sat struggling in the dying look,

Love, and *the woman*, all at once return'd;

I felt his anguish, and my rashness mourn'd;

O'er his pale form I heav'd the bursting sigh,

And watch'd the changes of his fading eye,

226 LIBERAL OPINIONS.

To stop the crimson tide, my hair I tore,
Kiss'd the deep gash, and wash'd with tears
the gore.

'Twas love,—'twas pity—call it what you will;
Where the heart feels,—we *all* are women still.

But low I bend my knees to pitying heav'n,
For his recovery to my prayers were giv'n;
He liv'd—to all the rest I was resign'd,
And murder rack'd no more my tortur'd mind:
He liv'd—but soon with mean perfidious
stealth,

Forsook his prey, and rioted in wealth.

Yet think not now arriv'd the days of joy;
Alcanor flatter'd only to destroy;

Alike to blast my body, and my mind,
He robb'd me first, then left me to mankind;
Soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,

The charm was broke, and magic was no more:
The dreadful cheat awhile to *hide* he strove,

By poor pretences of a partial love,
Awhile *disguis'd* the surfeits of his heart,

And top'd, full well, the warm admirer's part;
Till tir'd at last, with labouring to conceal,
And feigning transports which he did not feel,

He

He turn'd at once so civilly polite,
 Whate'er I said, indifference made *so right*,
 Such coldness mark'd his manners, and his
 mien,

My guilt—my ruin—at a glance was seen.

In vain, I now assum'd a chaster part,
 In vain I struggl'd with a broken heart,
 In vain I try'd to purify my stain,
 Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again :
 Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
 And sought protection from each friend I knew;
 Each friend at my reproach shrunk back with
 dread,

And bade me hide my pestilential head :
 Ev'n for the meanest servitude I sought,
 But nice suspicion at my figure caught,
 My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
 And deep reserve betok'ning mystery ;
 Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
 And every question flush'd my cheeks with
 shame ;

Conscious of guilt, overshadow'd by pretence,
 'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
 Oft as I beg'd the servant's lowest place,
 The *treach'rous* colour shifted in my face ;

228 LIBERAL OPINIONS.

The fatal secret glow'd in every look,
Trembling I stood, and stammering I spoke.

Next came the views of home into my
mind,

With each dear comfort I had left behind;
Pardon, and pleasure, started to my thought,
While Hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault;
But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
And left me—begging at each door for bread.
Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
(Ah, had I starv'd on common charity!)
Far other woes and insults were in store,
My fame was lost, and I could rise no more,
Driv'n to the dreadful precipice of sin,
My brain swam round the gulph, and hurl'd
me in.

And now no pen could picture my distress,
'Twas more, much more than simple wretched-
ness;
Famine, and guilt, and conscience tore my
heart,
And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
Take then the truth, and learn at once my
shame:

'Such my hard fate—I welcom'd all that came.

But

But oh! no transport mingled in my stains,
 No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;
 No vicious hope indelicately gay,
 Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
 The flatt'ring compliment fatigu'd my ear,
 While half-afraid, I half-conceal'd a tear:
 Whole nights I pass'd, insensible of bliss,
 Lost to the loath'd embrace, and odious kiss;
 Nor wine nor mirth the aching heart could fire,
 Nor could the sprightly music ought inspire;
 Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,
 'The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd;
 Ev'n in the moment of unblest desire,
 Oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire;
 Cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
 Wept through the night, and blush'd along
 the day—

Ah think what terrors e'er could equal mine!
 Ah think, and pity, for I once was thine!
 The sweet society of friends was o'er,
 For happier women dare invite no more;
 And they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
 Who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
 My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
 A shameful sett, incapable of thought;

Their

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Their wanton passions ne'er could touch my
 heart,
 For all was looseness, infamy, and art;
 No modest maxims suited to improve,
 No soft sensations of a chaster love,
 No gen'rous prospects of a soul refin'd,
 No worthy lessons of a noble mind,
 E'er touch'd their bosoms, hardened to their
 state;
 Charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their
 fate;
 Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
 The dreadful oath, and blasphemy extreme,
 Th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lye,
 Th' indecent question, and the bold reply;
 Even in their dress, their business I could trace,
 And broad was stamp't the Harlot on each face;
 O'er every part the shameful trade we spy,
 The step audacious, and the rolling eye;
 The smile insidious, the look obscene,
 The air enticing, and the mincing mein.
 With these, alas! a sacrifice I liv'd;
 With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd:
 But heav'n, at length, its vengeance to com-
 plete,
 Drove me—distemper'd—to the public street.

For

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 231

For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
And laid the sable breast of midnight bare;
When rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd
head,

That sought in vain—the blessing of a bed;
Distress'd—diseas'd—I crawl'd to ev'ry door,
And beg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor!
My knees, at length, unable to sustain
The force of hunger, and the weight of rain,
Fainting I fell, then stagg'ring rose again,
And wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd
in vain.

Then (nor till then) o'erwhelm'd by sore
distress,
To my own hand I look'd for full redress;
All things were apt—no flatterer to beguile,
'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to
smile:—

Where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
And, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.—
From foolish love, the knife, conceal'd, I wore,
That, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore;
Thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled
senses flew,

As from my breast the fatal blade I drew;

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Still the stain'd point with crimson spots was
dy'd,

"And this is well—'tis blood for blood," I
cry'd!

Then did I poise the instrument in air,
Bent to the stroke, and laid my bosom bare;
But ah! my crimes that instant rose to view,
Disarm'd my purpose, my resolves o'erthrew;
Fear shook my hand, I flung the weapon by,
Unfit to *live*—I was not fit to *die*!—

Ah! wretched woman, she, who strays for
bread,

And sells, the sacred pleasures of the bed;
Condemn'd to shifts, her reason must despise,
The scorn and pity of the good and wise;
Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,
And in despite of nature to be gay;
To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
And call to aid the feeble helps of art;
Oblig'd to suffer each impure cares,
The slave of fancy, and the drudge of dress;
Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
Scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste;
Forc'd with the public whimsy to comply,
As veers the gale of modern luxury;

And!

And oft th' afflicted creature must sustain
 Strokes more severe, yet tremble to complain:
 The felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
 Rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,
 Trucks for the human form, with fatal pow'r,
 And bargains for her beauties by the hour.
 But should some female in her dang'rous train,
 Attend the altar of her shame with pain,
 Dispute at length the monster's base controul,
 And dare assert the scruples of her soul;
 Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
 And shew the signs of sorrow in her face,
 Th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
 And hates the sinner that grows over-nice.
 But hear, yet hear, your hapless daughter's plea,
 Some little pity still is due to me.
 If to have felt each agony of mind,
 To bear the stings which Conscience leaves
 behind;
 If at each morn to shudder at the light,
 Dread the fair day, and fear the coming night;
 If, like the thief, of ev'ry eye afraid,
 Anxious I sought, the blush - concealing
 shade;

If

234 LIBERAL OPINIONS.

If my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
Bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate ;
If to have known no joys, and known all pains,
Can aught avail to purge my former stains,
Judge not your child,—your suppliant,—too
severe,

But veil her frailties, and bestow a tear.—

Yet has Almeria *now* a juster claim,
To seal her pardon, and to close her shame,
Each early trespass nobler to remove,
And hope again the sanction of your love.

THESE holy mansions, sacred to our woes,
To screen from scorn, and hide us from our
foes :

Gradual, the fallen woman to retrieve,
Reform the manners, and the mind relieve
From barbarous man to shield his hapless prey,
Expunge the spot, and chase the blush away ;
To sooth each sorrow by the pow'r of pray'r,
And half supply a parent's pious care ;
To lull the fluttering pulses to repose,
Each pang to soften, and each wish compose ;
Wean us from scenes that fatally misguide,
And teach the breast to glow with nobler pride ;

These

LIBERAL OPINIONS. 235

These holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
 And here she mourns each passion that beguil'd.
 Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
 And found me here, determin'd—to be good;
 Already feels my heart a lighter grief,
 And each white minute brings me fresh relief:
 Or if by chance my sorrows I renew,
 Half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
 Here then for ever, secret and resign'd,
 Here for its GOD will I prepare my mind;
 Here pass, conceal'd, my penitential days,
 And lead a life of piety and praise.

Come then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
 Thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,
 Come, fair REPENTANCE, o'er each thought
 preside,
 Patient I follow such a heav'nly guide;
 To all thy laws implicitly I bend,
 And call thee sister, saviour, genius, friend!
 Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
 Oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
 Then, should long life be mercifully giv'n,
 The soul, (repair'd), may dare to think of
 heav'n;

Then

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Then cleans'd from every dark and Ethiop
stain,

VIRTUE, that dove of peace, shall come again,
With smoothest wings re-settle on my breast,
And open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
Oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive,
Oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
And view their Magdalen's far chaster state,
Then would they fondly close her fading eye,
Bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die.

Deep in her ward's most venerable gloom,
Late was a contrite sister, from her room,
Where long the blushing, pious vot'ress lay,
And sought a shelter from the shame of day,
In words half-smother'd, by the heaving sigh,
And voice that spoke despair,—thus heard to
cry.

“ Oh! injur'd CHASTITY, thou heavenly
dame,
Thou spotless guardian of the cherub Fame,
Who arm'st fair Virtue 'gainst th' insulting foe,
And in her cheeks commands the rose to blow:
Thou, whose resistless shield protects the fair,
Who falls not, willing, in the traitor's snare:

Had

Had I, oh ! had I still thy rules obey'd,
 Despis'd the treach'rous town, and walk'd the
 shade ;

Had I each villain stratagem defy'd,
 And scorn'd the flatt'rer with a decent pride ;
 Had I withstood his arrows at my heart,
 Oppos'd each trick, and baffled ev'ry art,
 Then lib'ral truth might ev'ry hour employ,
 Each thought be rapture, and each hope be joy ;
 Then lov'd, rever'd, as mother and as wife,
 Blest had I been, in the *pure* vale of life.

Haply my Edward—Oh ! lamented name,
 Once my high boast, before I plung'd in
 shame ;

Haply my Edward, yielding to my charms,
 (Oh ! my smote bosom, whence these new
 alarms ?

Why spring the conscious drops into my eye ?
 Why feels my heart the love-impassion'd sigh ?)
 I dare not speak my promis'd happiness—
 Yet, Edward, couldst thou witness my distress,
 Witness the firm unviolated mind,
 Seduc'd by vice, but not to vice inclin'd ;
 Could thou behold the constant-falling tear,
 My pray'rs attest, my self-reproaches hear ;

Ah !

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Ah! couldst thou think how deeply I bewail,
How thick enshroud me in the friendly veil;
How, in the sacred solitude of night,
The care of heav'n unceasing I invite,
Breathe the warm wish, and pour the fervent
prayer;

Now dare to hope, and now expect despair:
Couldst thou but see these changes of my grief,
Surely thy pity would bestow relief.

My Edward's virtue, (for I know his heart,)
The balms of soft compassion would impart,
His breast would mitigate each stern decree,
And judgment yield to mercy's milder plea;
But he is lost—fond wretch, thy plaint give
o'er—

The dear, the injur'd Edward, is no more,
Or, if he lives—he recollects thy shame,
Scorns thy false vows, and hates th' unworthy
flame.”—

Scarce had the pensive child of sorrow spoke,
When from a neighbouring ward these accents
broke:

“ 'Tis she!—'tis she!—th' unfortunate is
found,

My pulse beats quick—Ah! save me from the
ground,

Support

Support me—help me—some assistance lend,
 And my faint foot-steps to the mourner bend;
 She lives!—she lives!”—The unhappy wo-
 man heard,

Shook in each nerve, and trembled at each word,
 Then swooning sunk at length upon the floor,
 Just as th’ afflicted stranger reach’d the door;
 Tottering he enter’d—caught th’ afflicted fair,
 And rais’d her flutt’ring frame, with tend’rest
 care.

“ Ah drooping lily! rise to life and me,
 And in this faded form thy Edward see;
 Recall the lustre in thy sparkling eye,
 And bid for ever all thy sorrows fly;
 Long have I sought thee with a lover’s zeal,
 For thee alone I weep, for thee I feel:
 Come then, fair penitent, forget each woe,
 And ev’ry pleasure, ev’ry transport know;
 Lost be the mem’ry of thy former stain,
 Thy pow’rful pray’rs have wash’d thee white
 again;

Bury’d be ev’ry anguish in this kiss,
 Wake then, oh wake, to virtue and to bliss!”—
 This said, he press’d her in a soft embrace,
 And the warm blood came flushing to her face,
 Now

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Now pale retir'd, now ran a deeper red,
Till cheer'd at last the sweet disorder fled;
A thousand tender questions now succeed,
They smile alternate, and alternate bleed.
Edward, the chaplain's long try'd friend had
been,
And hence arose the late propitious scene;
The sacred chaplain gave her to his care,
Join'd their kind fates, and left them with a
pray'r.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Before I proceed to set down other matters which fell out to chequer the adventures of my journey, I cannot but observe that about two years after this period I met Mr. Greaves in the Park, with a beautiful young creature under his arm; and some time afterwards I paid him a visit, when he took me cordially by the hand, and spoke to me as follows.

My

My dear BENIGNUS, where have you been buried since our last interview? When I told you upon the road the occasion of that melancholy you detected through my efforts to conceal it, you may remember I told you the motive of my journey. Upon my arrival in London, and taking leave of you, I call'd an hackney coach, and drove directly to ***—In one word—I found my daughter.—I felt the fainting penitent in my arms. I received of her with an anxiety of joy—a tremor transport—Oh! BENIGNUS, think for me—colour the scene in the paint of youthful ardour—do justice to nature, and *imagine* the delicacies which were never *spoken*. You have seen my daughter—I never walk without her—and yet, sir, all this joy is dashed with an ingredient of sorrow. The prudes (untouched by the pathos of her penitence) carry an air of ceremonious

Vol. I. M

monious civility towards my child.—
 The faded virgins who have never
 passed the fiery trial of temptation, and
 a set of haughty matrons, who have
 every other vice that disgraces the sex,
 but that of which even nature *predeter-*
mined they should never be guilty——
 treat my Almeria with a coy and insult-
 ing reserve, which goes too near her
 heart—an heart, BENIGNUS, generous
 and gentle as—

Here our discourse was interrupted
 by ALMERIA herself, who came to in-
 form us the chocolate waited for us in
 the little saloon.

“—Grace was in all her steps,
 “ In every action, dignity and love.”

Her own epistle has so pathetically de-
 scribed the misery of her situation, that
 she has not left room for any thing but
 pity.—And yet who that considers such
 a crea-

a creature has been, as it were, *public property*—that reflects, how many are at this very moment chained down to a necessity equally sore; many of them exposed to the want of that daily bread, which even nightly impurity cannot supply—some of them beating through the streets by the barbarity of their betrayer—some hunted from one hiding place to another, by the vigilance of the bailiff, and all of them liable to contempt, indignity, and distemper—who, I say, that collects together these facts in his mind, can be content with expressing barren compassion?—Who can forbear mixing relief with their tears, and blessing the benevolence which first suggested, and still continues, their *Asylum*—

I have a little violated chronology, by placing these transactions somewhat out of the order of time, but as my

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history is written at a venture, and may never visit the world, I have been less cautious of observing critical rules. However, as I by no means design to make a book of digressions, I shall now turn back to Mr. Greaves, who having sat with his eyes closed, was, when he opened them again, much more fitted for society. There are, in truth, certain moments when the music of the *spheres* would be discordant, and when the condolence of our dearest acquaintances is an unwelcome interruption. The human soul settles on her darling subject, descends into herself, and indulges in a luxury, which, bee-like, extracts honey from the poison of calamity. In one of these dispositions was Mr. Greaves, when he counterfeited repose: he had now reconciled himself to the events he had contemplated, (for he was both a philosopher and a christian)

tian) and with an affability peculiar to well-bred people, begged my pardon for his reveries.

C. H. A. P. XL.

We were now just stepping into our last stage but one, and though the glories of the sun were over, his departing beams were extremely agreeable. Mr. Greaves resumed a look of complacency, and I being willing to keep as clear of the only subject that could perhaps again discompose it, asked what sort of sensations were created in his mind by the story of Mr. Blewitt. Though his history was related (answered my companion) in unpolished language, it contains a folio of valuable facts. But what a pity it is, repeated I, that such mercenary hearts

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as are lodged in the bosoms of the Quaker and Grocer, should be, in general, more undisturbed through life, than such as guided the feelings of the generous Mr. Blewitt. Alas! returned the gentleman, you are yet an infant in terrestrial events. I dare swear you have an excellent heart, and I am sure a good understanding, yet you know but little of life.—You profess to be travelling in pursuit of *happiness*, and to dedicate your fortune to the service of society. From hence I should conclude that you are flying from *misery*. I related my adventures at the village. He said if I could not find Contentment in the shade, it was doubtful whether I should meet her in the city. But I fear, continued he, you expect from the world more than it can bestow; you have, perhaps, placed the standard of felicity

and I have not

too high, or your ideas of it are probably a little romantic.

All I want upon earth, replied I, is comprized in three things, friendship, fidelity, and gratitude.—At your age, resumed Mr. Greaves, (smiling), I entered the world, animated by the same hopes, and fascinated by the same notions. My head—my hands, and my heart, were busy to derive a reflected blessing to *myself*, by having promoted the blessedness of *others*. To this end I continued in the world till that agonizing accident I have already related.—

At this crisis our chaise having just ascended a hill arrived at a very beautiful spot indeed. It was an eminence that topt an extensive prospect, and commanded the scene below, which was composed of *intermingled* towers, and spires, woods and waters, the verdure of fields, and the variegation of vallies.

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—I could not help ejaculating with some energy—Is it not strange that a world like this, so fitted for the reception and happiness of every being which inhabits it, with such noble capacities of pleasure adapted to each, should nevertheless be the seat of general torment and fretfulness, disaster and distress.—Is it not strange that—that——

The gentleman took hold of my wrist, and fixing his eyes very seriously upon me, spoke in a tone of unusual dignity.

C H A P. XLI.

Never allow amazement to hurry you into expressions unbecoming the character of a christian; nor let either the insults or miseries you see or feel in the world, make you charge Heaven with the

the shadow of injustice. Take my word for it, God is not, nor ever was in fault—You see before you, this moment, enough to convince you, that he has done every thing on his part—the sun warms us—the moon in his absence sets off the face of the earth, in a sort of shady majesty—the rain descends to bless us—the ground feeds and entertains us, and the ample intentions of universal nature are universally kind and beneficent. MAN has perverted the system—the invention of coins, the passion for negotiation, and the love of barter have extended an ambition of the lowest kind amongst all classes of people. The motive of commerce is no longer rational; and business, which was originally designed to promote health, and circulate interchanged conveniencies, is now for the most part avariciously carried on, to swell the coffers of the indi-

vidual

vidual by impoverishing the species; nay, the mercenary spirit of the times extends to nations and climates divided by the remotest part of the ocean. But if you please we will trace this evil *ad origines*. The Almighty created a world, then peopled it, and afterwards found that it was *good*. The management of it was put into the hands of man—not, however, to be too minute, let us take notice, that every thing was once indiscriminately enjoyed. The earth was a common property, and it was fertile without labour—the error of our first parents considerably changed the system, and tillage and drudgery became necessary to subdue a soil, that no longer produced plenty spontaneously. No absolute right however or proprietorship was yet ascertained, and every one fixed on, and cultivated the spot he chose: this *miscellaneous* participation soon

soon created disorder; for, as the bad passions were now let loose upon the world, indolence seized upon the comforts which had been acquired by industry; and hence sprang domestic contest and civil dispute, and half mankind were at war. Those that obtained the victory held the conquered as his slave; and from hence originated those distinctions, which, obtained by rapacity, and kept by force, were after sanctified by political institutions: for upon this (finding men were to be restrained from violence and invasion only by compulsion, terror, and authority), the laws came in to the assistance of the *stronger* party: the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum* was soon understood, and every individual maintained himself upon that which was now secured to him by certain compacts, to violate which was henceforth to be considered as a punish-

able crime. By this time an idea of property became sacred and general, and by these means the civilized part of the earth was said to belong, not as formerly, to all alike, but to a third part of its inhabitants. Subordination therefore of necessity took place. The pride of power gained ground every day, and one human creature usurped dominion over another, because the distinction was now known betwixt master and servant. From master and servant rose notions of great privileges, and poverty dropt submissive at the knee of riches. Pastorals and Arcadia were no more. Instead of every man dressing the glebe, and turning up the soil in *common*, such as had now dominion over the acres, insisted upon having the essential drudgery they required, performed by those whose fathers might probably *possess* the spot upon which they were to *toil*.——

C H A P. XLII.

—Affairs once settled on these partial principles, resisted every effort of revocation—for who that could eat his bread without sweating his brow, would give up the advantages he had gained. Centuries are now behind us, since things were thus regulated, and every year hath given force and venerableness to the establishment. Every man has given up the point, and makes the most of his situation: the clown rises early to the task of cultivation, and the master looks indolently on, and receives the profit. Luxury was introduced under these auspices—the beverage of the field—the fallad of the brook, and the water of the spring—with the homely apparel that decently veil'd and warmed the body, were rejected, and Voluptuousness

ness turned Simplicity blushing away. The moment in which man became possessor of more than was necessary to the wholesome purposes of life; the moment in which his industry became nerveless, and his love of labour to slacken; pride soon taught leisure, to misuse abundance, and the passions to wanton with authority—Hence, some revelled in the riots of dissipation, others found a pleasure in accumulation, and some better spirits had a bliss in distribution. At length through the natural chain of consequences, we are arrived at the *crisis*. We are polished, populated, and refined in the extreme. Distinctions are so minute, property so tenacious, splendor so superior, and trade so jealous, that no distresses you observe should surprise you. Money hath acquired a universal ascendancy, property hath “subdued all things under her feet;”

feet;" and luxury sickens in despair, because novelty is wanting to give an edge to the blunted appetites. Had the use of a metal-currency been restricted by any reasonable rule of *moderation*, it might have settled the system upon a noble principle, for it is equally convenient to the great purposes of benevolence and business. But the lucky and fortunate have run into two extremes so egregiously absurd, that the one opens upon us a fountain of *poisoned pleasures*, and the other a source of *sordid maxims*. The passion for wasting on the one hand, and of hoarding on the other, have not only involved the world in confusion, and thrown the passions into an uproar, but have actually left almost one *half* of the human species naked and starved, to cloath and accommodate the *other*.

C H A P. XLIII.

You have discovered to me Mr. Greaves, said I, a train of observations of which I had no idea—but you are preparing to speak—and I would not interrupt you for the universe,—

The observations I have made, (continued Mr. Greaves), have been no doubt made, (and much more sagaciously), by many others, for contemplation, philosophy, and science, have now gone very far; our discoveries in letters and in lands, may perhaps have been pretty equal. There may be yet unknown tracks in speculation; the intellect may still abound with new reserves of wisdom. There is still, it is presumed, a *terra incognita*; there may be still an undug mine of knowledge—To explore this, must be the labour of

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some literary Columbus—I pretend not to such skill; and indeed can only assure you, that I offer you frankly, on this subject, the unadorned facts which I have collected from early readings and practical observations.—You run your eye hastily over the *world*, and then complain that it abounds with misery. After what has been said, should you not be surprised to find a great deal of happiness: and yet, distributed up and down the various parts of it, there really is a very considerable share. That the infelicity grows out of all proportion still *more* considerable cannot easily be determined—for though the fate of thousands can only be made supportable, by the cheerful expectation of a *better*, and though the human heart is in general blinded by temporal prejudices, yet coarse as the mass of gratifications are that *endear* life to the multitude,

titude, they are nevertheless gratifications, and receive attachment from custom. The joys of more delicate minds are indeed less extended, and lie in a small compass, being confined to the little circle of the few, whose feelings are softened by nature, and refined by art. But were the agonies of existence, still greater and acuter than they *are*, the DEITY is not the author of it—he made the world—survey it, sir, (even through the shadings of the evening) and tell me, if it is not worthy of a divine artificer. He made man to inhabit it—has he not bestowed amiable and ample faculties upon him—fitted him equally to enjoy society and solitude—given him a power to derive a pleasure from the freshness of the gale, or from the convivial glass—has not he bestowed upon him eyes to *see* misfortune, an heart to *feel* it, and arms to re-

move

move it? Has he not implanted in the mind a sympathy between the sexes, so attractive, that by a kind of magnetic power, we are irresistibly drawn to each other, that life may be perpetuated while love is unpolluted? Has he not given us early ideas of more disinterested attachments, and inspired us with dispositions, to philanthropy and friendship! has he not seated in the bosom a monitor, to compliment us for every thing that is becoming, and accommodated the taste with endless variety,—is not the ear enchanted by the harmonies of nature—and the smell gratified with perfume; and to crown the whole, has he not placed certain intimations in the soul, which assure it that *however* agreeable the Deity may have rendered the present state, it is but a passage; and upon the easy terms of our acting properly to *him*, and each

each *other*, will lead us gently along, till it terminates in *eternity*?

C H A P. XLIV.

—This, my young friend, is a faint sketch of the works and intentions of the Deity—that those works and intentions, are abused, can never be imputed to their all-kind Author, but to *man*.

If the beauties and benefits of nature are perverted; if the faculties of the mind and body are obstinately bent to actions evidently contradictory to the purposes for which they were given; if love and friendship are overborne by their opposite passions; and, if—as has been before hinted, *interest* carries away the palm from earth and heaven—who but man is chargeable with the consequences.

quences of this general inversion of blessings?—

The fact is indisputable, sir, said I—I tremble, and I adore; but as Mr. Blewitt seemed always to perform the purposes for which he was born a man, how is it, that he, and others like him, should not pass smoothly through the sea of life. Because, said the gentleman—to carry on the metaphor—when the storm is violent, and the hurricane extreme, it is certain the good and bad sailors will be wrecked alike. Is not that *strange*, said I—“ Shall gravitation stop as you go by, replied Mr. Greaves?—no, sir. The chain of causes and consequences is irrefragable—that innocence should suffer in a world of guilt is morally inevitable, but depend upon it, the suffering will not be *ultimately* in vain.

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As to Mr. Blewitt, I compassionate and admire him, but he is one of those characters, whose amiable weaknesses expose him to almost *certain poverty*. The poor man was kind, to a fault—the world would call him, a good-natured fool—Indeed he was wrong, sir, to indulge the tenderness of his feeling in the extreme; though this cannot be owned, without its implying at the same time a very cutting satire against the depravity of human nature—a depravity I have all along taken notice of, as the source of so much disaster, and calamity.—

Mr. Blewitt did not reflect that—
as money is the property by which every passion is gratified, a man will naturally idolize it as the golden calf; and that, to adopt a few saving maxims, in relation to keeping a part of such property always at command, would be favourable

ble even to his *generosity*; because it must needs be a deep misfortune to find the hand, accustomed to liberality, compelled to contract, when it can give no more.—In a country where *appearances* of wealth, can claim veneration, where money acquires the chymic quality of turning every thing it approximates into gold, and where that gold is moreover able to array infamy in the robe of integrity, and lead the judgments of the wisest blind-fold as it pleases.—In such a country, every *apparent want* of this property, will be liable to neglect and ill-treatment—and every degree of indigence will meet desertion, for this plain reason, because indigence has nothing either to procure or excite the idea of authority, nor to observe those rules which externally distinguish the master from the servant. You will say perhaps, all this
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sort of distinction is ridiculous. No doubt of it; but as more than fifty, out of sixty have adopted such distinctions,—as they are actually the general standards of conduct,—as they are also *more* than two thousand years old—it is in vain to dispute their propriety—one might as well dispute the customs of a country—tell the Indian, it is indecent to go naked, or that a Toledo dangling by the side of the Spanish peasant, must be extremely inconvenient. Economy therefore is now almost the only security from contempt, and though it were too narrow a line to tread in the track of the grocer, as no real joy could arise from such a rigid policy, neither to lend six-pence, nor borrow six-pence, yet I (and I think my heart not an unfeeling one) —have always found it sound prudence, to keep a friend in my pocket, and on no

terms

terms to lie at the mercy and compassion of another.—

CHAP. XLV.

—It was now night, and we were in the middle of Finchley Common—The driver bid us secure part of our money, if we had any great quantity about us, for that he saw a fellow lurking by the side of the road, at a little distance.—In five seconds we were up with the man, who was groaning piteously upon a grassy hillock. Mr. Greaves, (who knew the arts of his own species) suspected this to be an imposition, and opposed my desire to have him lifted into the chaise—But these ideas were presently removed, for the stranger got up, and coming to the window, presented not a pistol, but—a *purse*. The chaise stopt—

Half an hour ago, gentlemen—said the man—a horseman came by me, and

I was tempted, (to supply the wants of a large family) to demand his money—He put into my hand this purse.—I conjure you, gentlemen, if by any stroke of happy chance he should be any part of your company—take it, and return it to him just as I received it—It is my first violation of the laws, either of hospitality or my country— I might possibly return home undiscovered, but I *feel* that I cannot bear it. My conscience is victorious even over my necessities. If you should not know the traveller I have plundered—it is still in your power to do my bleeding soul some service—Upon your arrival in London advertise the circumstances of the robbery—take the property and redeliver it, upon the first application.—This I cannot do for myself, without throwing myself into the arms of justice; and the situation of a wife, (whom I doat on, with the fate of my poor little

little ones,) forbid my desertion—so saying—he threw the purse into the chaise and was going to retire.—

There was something so very unusual in this new mode of attacking, that it was some time before Mr. Greaves could speak.—For my own part I was in a state of mind betwixt trembling and crying.—At length Mr. Greaves, who could no longer doubt of the offender's sincerity, invited him to accompany us in the chaise, if he was going to town, pledging himself at the same time, as a man of honour, not to betray him.—The poor man after the deliberation of a minute—sighed and ascended—though the postilion muttered that we might be transported for harbouring robbers, and might repent it before we got over the common yet.—

Our conversation on the way was such as might have touched the hardest
 N 2 heart.

heart.—As soon as we were upon the pavement, the gentleman got out, but not before we had obtained the secret of his address.—The driver seeing him escape—said—he had a great mind to cry stop thief, for that he was sure 'twas hanging matter—and he was not certain whether *he* should not come to the gallows for it himself, seeing as how he was aiding and *abutting*. In this conjecture he was perfectly prophetic, for upon my travelling the same road in my way to the village, about six months after, I understood that this very identical nice-minded driver, had actually mounted, some little time before, for being detected in confederating with a gang of highwaymen, to whom he gave intelligence, what company had made appointments to pass by his master's house, in their return to town.—The poor man insisted upon leaving the purse, but we did our best to alleviate his

his miserable condition, by an equal present of five guineas—I was going to give ten, but Mr. Greaves gently pluckt me by the button, observing to me afterwards, that five, at another opportunity, would very likely double their utility.

C H A P. XLVI.

As soon as the man was gone.—
There, said Mr. Greaves, is another reason why money should be cautiously parted with—What a noble soul must that gentleman possess, and yet to what deplorable shifts is he reduced—He is a man of education—but 'tis a custom to shun decayed gentlemen, or at best to assist them in a way that must pierce them to the quick.—A beggar who has served a long apprenticeship to the business of whimpering and wailing—who lies down at the door in despite of denial, and who is, in short, a master of
his

his calling, feels slightly, the neglect and abuse of his fellow-creature; and if the footman hunts him from one haunt, he hobbles on towards another: but an unfortunate man of *breeding*—a poor creature whose education shines through his rags and dirt, feels the acumen of every insult that is cast upon him—by the random sons of success—in its utmost bitterness, and cannot help reflecting severely on the *inhumanity* of mankind—Take care therefore, my dear sir, what you do—You are now, I suppose, for the first time, in London—a place of various danger to all men, but more especially to those of your complexion.--Pleasure and business seem to lie upon the surface—and at the first glance neither misery or imposture will be discovered—When you rise in the morning, every object will be gay; and curiosity will pay the debt to surrounding splendor; but you will be soon convinced

convinced that the *fronti nulla fides* was never more proverbially applicable than to this *great city*. Proceed, therefore, with diffidence, and step with caution—Your simplicity and kindness of heart have made me take an interest—almost paternal—in your welfare; and I could rejoice to pass some time with you—but you already know the irresistible—pathetic cause which draws me to town—when that is over, I shall be at your service——In the mean time—(taking my hand with a soft pressure, which brought the water into my eyes)—once again, let me conjure you to be circumspect. Beware that your bounty, like fire, does not burn itself out, by its own force—*Husband* the blaze, and be sure some sparks remain to warm *yourself*—I give a great deal, to a great many—but, as I have happily a great deal *yet* to bestow, I pass the muster of my friends, whose severest censure is a
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prophecy that I shall not die rich. But certain it is, if I were to divest myself of every thing, and give the *last penny* to a starving creature, I should be the jest of men, the tittle tattle of women, and the pity of mankind.—Mr. Greaves gave me his direction—stepp'd into an hackney coach, and bade me farewell.

—Some time after this, I paid a visit to the highwayman, who at my departure gave me the following manuscript, which contains some reflections he made upon the transaction at Finchley Common.—But before I introduce this into my Legend, I think proper to take notice, that I had an opportunity to return the purse, to the person from whom it was taken, and *that* person forms no inconsiderable character in the *remaining* part of these Memoirs.

8 AP 67

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

